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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"The Fundamental Letch"

THEY have a strange language in the queer world of the movies—that demi-monde ruled by hard young men whose business it is to know what turns the millions soft, and who suggest irresistibly the communist young men of another demi-monde who are so sure of what the masses need that their egoism has become almost impersonal. In the movie world they say that a story is only a story—its characters nothing, its background nothing, its subtleties nothing;—nothing counts in a story but the "menace" and "the fundamental letch." The "fundamental letch" is movie short hand for fundamental lechery; the "menace," of course, is whatever opposes overmastering human desire—the villain, whether man or woman or fate.

And what a significant term is the "fundamental lechery"! The history of popular literature of our time is in it. It gives, by implication, the whole degradation of the art of story-telling commercialized for the millions. Love, greed, altruism, rage, hope, and jealousy are passions still—but reduced to the simple and ignoble terms of lechery. Desire, any and all desire, becomes concupiscence, which here, as in the New Testament, means not only sexualism but a lustful passion for wordly things. The "fundamental letch" is the maker's name for the quality of his own goods. He knows that his ornate pageants, his heroic melodramas, and his comedies of sentiment, humor, and pathos twist in and grip the crude imaginations and imaginations not so crude if only the emotions can be reduced to lechery, then gilded, perfumed, moralized, until there is not an ounce of honest bawdry or honest virtue in them. The slimy films made in America for Oriental sensualists, where our culture is perverted to titillate the inferiority complexes of yellows, browns, and reds, represent the final stage of commercialized "letch."

* * *

And yet the film world is right in its theory, and its cold-blooded commercialism uses a sound idea to exploit the childishness of the five-million mind. (The French say that they like our movies because the naive sentiment and naiver appeals to primitive instincts make them feel young.) The "fundamental letch" is what all good story-tellers have sought, but when they have been sincere story-tellers and not mere exploiters of the crowd, the slang phrase would have to be differently translated—not lechery but overmastering desire, too human to be always or often noble, too intense and universal to be only a movement of the flesh. And they, too, have kept backgrounds and characters and subtleties in their place, have realized that the sweep of the story was more vital than its scenes, that the characters were significant only in action, the subtleties useful only if (as in "Hamlet") they enriched the text. So with "Lear" and "Don Quixote" and the first Faust and the Iliad.

Our period of naturalistic realism has forgotten what far simpler ages knew. See how both serious and flippantly cynical novelists and playwrights fight against the tide. Sometimes their books are nothing but pictures and analyses—case books, or newspapers reduced to unbroken narrative. Often, and particularly with the widest read, they compromise. The story has its "fundamental letch," the "menace" is there, but neither the art nor the interest of the writer warms them into life. He or she is fascinated by backgrounds (which are, indeed, fascinating in their verisimilitude), or in the byplay of conversation and comment, while the plot, like the story of a pantomime, stays trite and conventional. So with Edna Ferber. So, in her different fashion, with Fannie Hurst, and with some of the later books of Galsworthy.

The newer generation in America, the Hemingways and the Faulkners, have their own entanglements. With them, the "letch," which in the movies, however debased or trite, is the chord of the whole composition, is caught and enmeshed in individuals. Hemingway's characters are like actors straining for a cue; they are bursting with unexpressed emotions, which, since the action seldom releases itself in grand, sweeping movements, stutters out in a staccato of words. And Faulkner's *dramatis personæ* are morbid neuroses which can no more safely be released in any broad movements of life than diseased bodies or paranoic brains. They hurt themselves and others because they are hurt to begin with. The hurt is more important than they are, more important than the story.

This is not a sermon against the movies. The proprietors of the films are no more guilty than other exploiters of the crowd for the benefit of the profits of the machine. They have given far more pleasure, and probably have done no more harm—although this is arguable. They will never be reformed until someone learns how to make films for what we like to call the civilized minorities, and then builds up an art which the five million will like as well as the shoddy they are getting. This will happen, and per-

(*Continued on next page*)

Professor of Psychology

By ELIZABETH ATKINS

SHE studies her brain-gutted dog and pigeon
With such bleak eyes as her forefathers had;
Who grimly paid their lives out to religion
And starved their lusts, for fear of being glad.
Starved thus and scourged through many a generation,
At last, in her, their appetites are dead.
Her frail flesh loathes rich food and fornication,
But she craves transcendental wine and bread.
Hence she condemns as false philosophy
All that her mind is hungry to believe—
White dreams of God, free will, nobility;
The flesh alone, she says, does not deceive.
Stern Puritan! Whatever her love be,
She needs must spurn it from her heart, and grieve.

This Week

"Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: An Intimate Correspondence."
Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN.

"The Epic of America."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman."
Reviewed by HERVEY ALLEN.

"Finch's Fortune."
Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL.

"Half a Loaf."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"Peacock's Feather."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

Next Week, or Later

"The Challenge of the East."
Reviewed by H. W. NEVINSON.

Paper Love and Mr. Shaw*

By JOHN MASON BROWN

ONE third of the way through "The Man of Destiny," that "bravura piece" about the young Napoleon which Bernard Shaw found time to write in 1895, a Strange Lady appears upon the scene.

> She is a very attractive lady, tall and extraordinarily graceful, with a delicately intelligent, apprehensive, questioning face—perception in the brow, sensitiveness in the nostrils, character in the chin; all keen, refined, and original. She is very feminine, but by no means weak: the lithe, tender figure is hung on a strong frame; the hands and feet, neck and shoulders, are no fragile ornaments, but of full size in proportion to her stature. . . . Only her elegance and radiant charm keep the secret of her size and strength. She enters with the self-possession of a woman accustomed to the privileges of rank and beauty.

Though to the Little Corporal in the play this Lady remains a Strange Lady without a name, to Mr. Shaw she was really Ellen Terry. Not only had he written the part with her in mind and with the hope that she might play it, but he had also built in in her image. And at just about the same time, and in just about the same way, that the character she had inspired was sweeping across Mr. Shaw's pages into a paint-and-canvas inn at Tavazanno, the true Ellen Terry—the "Ellenest" Ellen—of the Shaw-Terry letters which have just been published was entering Mr. Shaw's life as the excuse for a "delicious flirtation" (on paper) and a solace of a kind he craved.

Three years earlier, when he was thirty-six, the author of five widely unread novels, a Socialist orator who had already taken to the Trumpet and the Cart, and the red-bearded, Wagner-loving music critic of the *World*, and she was forty-four, a mothering, lovely, generous, and established actress who had been on the stage some thirty-six years, in her fourteenth season at Henry Irving's famous Lyceum, Mr. Shaw and Miss Terry had exchanged their first batch of letters.

It was business which first set their pens in motion, and accident which drew them together at all. Miss Terry, who was always more interested in the success of others than she was in her own, evidently wrote to Edmund Yates, the editor of the *World*, calling his attention to a "composer-singer friend" of hers named Elvira Gamborgi. Mr. Yates, as editors will, turned her letter over to Mr. Shaw, and his music critic answered it in such a stiff, routine way that Miss Terry tossed his first note into the waste-paper basket, where all such formal acknowledgments belong.

Be that as it may, Mr. Shaw's pains did not end here. He journeyed to the concert and troubled upon coming home to write Miss Terry a detailed, very penetrating, and equally considerate account of what he thought her young friend's chances were. To his ever-professional eye, she did not have the intense grip of one's work that arouses all the attention of an audience. She was very amiable, very clever, and very good-looking. He liked her at once. But her gift was merely the facility in music that young people gain when they are brought up in a musical atmosphere; her singing was more a picked up habit than an art. And Miss Terry owed it to Miss Gambogi to tell her the truth.

The postman soon brought Mr. Shaw an answer. Miss Terry was saddened by his verdict, but before concluding by sending him her "very bestest thanks for your long last splendid letter," she found time to admit, "I didn't like you when you first wrote me.

* ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW: An Intimate Correspondence. Edited by CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $5.

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I thought you unkind, and exceedingly stiff and prim. Now I beg your pardon most heartily."

He wrote back to assure her that if she had found his letters stiff, he had found her replies "angelic." He expressed his surprise at her willingness to correspond with "a shameless spouter of sedition in the streets" whom Mr. Irving (Shaw's hated but admired Henry Irving) had "held up to public execration at a banquet in Liverpool" for calling Miss Terry an "ignoramus." She had forgotten the incident, but Mr. Shaw, to whom writing these letters had already become "only a form of self-indulgence," sent her his "The Quintessence of Ibsenism" to let her see how the word "ignoramus" had been used in it.

And here and there, in this explanatory note of his, these Shaw-Terry letters cease to be mere letters, though they are magnificent as such, and begin to tell as exciting a first-hand story of the emergence of the modern English theatre as has been written. Behind their affectionate salutations, their warm-hearted foolishness, their tenderness, their beauty, and their brilliance, there is a plot. Being a good plot it finds its action in conflict. And being a plot that is no more original than life itself, it has its hero, its heroine, and its villain.

It is Mr. Shaw, needless to say, who is the hero; the Saint George of the Post-Ibsenites who gleefully slays the dragon of the older theatre in the person of Mr. Irving, and thus delivers from his clutches the king's lovely daughter, Sabra, who is none other than Miss Terry. Or if you will, and as St. John Ervine has wisely pointed out, it is Miss Terry who in these letters plays the all-mothering Candida, to Mr. Irving's Dr. Morell and Mr. Shaw's Marchbanks.

Ibsen had already become a storm centre and a rallying point in London. And Mr. Shaw, ever the champion of new ideas and unpopular causes, became one of his strongest defenders. In the battle that was to follow, when independent theatres, little known actors and actresses, and stray Sunday night performances, were to do the pioneering work which the greater managers should have undertaken, Mr. Shaw singled out Mr. Irving as his enemy (his most especial enemy, it might be added, for Daly was also numbered among his foes). He raised his pen against Mr. Irving, because, as he saw it, Irving was doing nothing to keep abreast of the times, and even less for the best interests of the emerging British drama.

Mr. Shaw, who can never be accused of slowness, was quick to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by this casual correspondence with Miss Terry. As a wily strategist he saw his chance for attacking Irving from within the ranks of his own camp. And by the time he had come to write his third or fourth letter to his enemy's partner, he was already beginning his campaign. "When I wrote that book," said he, referring to "The Quintessence of Ibsenism,"

> I had a terrible grudge against you, and I have it still. It arose in this way. I do not often find time to go to the theatre [having first been an art critic, Mr. Shaw was then a music critic, and had not yet become tethered like a goat, as the *Saturday Review's* dramatic critic, "to the mile radius of foul and sooty air which has its centre in the Strand"]. One day, I went into an afternoon performance and found a poor, ungifted, charmless young woman struggling pathetically with Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." She was doing her best, and I thanked my stars that I was not a dramatic critic, and had not to go home and tell her that after all her study and toil she had done more harm than good. That was the first act of my little experience. Act 2 was another visit to another theatre. There I found the woman who *ought* to have played the Lady from the Sea—the woman with all the nameless charm, all the skill, all the force, in a word, all the genius—playing—guess what? Why, a charade the whole artistic weight of which would not have taxed the strength of the top joint of her little finger. And the silly public delightedly applauding . . . talking fatuously of her child's play as if it had been the best she was capable of. I was furious. If I had been a god, and had created her powers for her, I should have interrupted the performance with thunder, and asked in a fearful voice why she was wasting the sacred fire of which I had made her trustee.

The curtain drops on the correspondence here for three eventful years, but not until the wrathful G. B. S. has hailed Miss Terry as "irresistible Ellen." When it rises Mr. Shaw is in a better position to wage his determined warfare. Not only has he made a great name for himself as a dramatic critic, especially by daring to level his guns at so sacrosanct a being as William Shakespeare, but also as a burgeoning dramatist, whose break with the past is decided. Miss Terry, "all brains and sympathy, scattering them everywhere and on everybody," and "able to express herself effortlessly with her pen," was still at the Lyceum, where Henry Irving—"all self, concentrating that self on his stage as on a pedestal," according to Mr. Shaw—ruled as king. The plot thickens and so do the letters. "The dear Miss Terrys" and the "dear Mr. Bernard Shaws" at the beginning of the letters fade away in no time. Mr. Shaw becomes "Bernie," "You dearest fellow," or "Blessed Dearest"; Miss Terry, "Ellenest," and "My blessed, darling Ellen." But still the authors of these ardent notes did not meet. Their fear of spoiling the whole quality of their relationship by the disillusionment a meeting might invite, kept them at their distance—and at their writing desks. Their need for the consolation of complete self-expression in words was greater than their desire. They were not lovers, but tender intimates, with thoughts that demanded a hearing, their language was "lover-like"; their main concern anything but. Accordingly, save for one or two occasions, they continued to foreswear seeing one another, until the first frenzy of their paper release was spent, and their affection had "sensibly changed"—as Mr. Shaw puts it—into a friendship in which the relations become more those of actress to author, and amateur solicitor to unprotected female client. Even afterwards, and until the time of Ellen Terry's death, though they still corresponded once in a while, they seldom met.

In 1895 their letters began to come raining in with a disturbing frequency. In 1896 "the pair had written to one another every four days; in 1897 every three days; in 1898—the year of Mr. Shaw's marriage—every eleven days on the old affectionate terms, but always on business as well as fun." Miss Terry's letters—"calligraphically beautiful" as Miss Christopher St. John, the able editor of the letters, tells us—were dashed off between rehearsals, at little hotels, with her family surrounding her, in the throes of fatigue, and even when her eyes were paining her severely; Mr. Shaw's, before lectures, between articles and proof-reading and after rehearsals, when the underground railway was his study or some suburban train was jogging him out into the country well past midnight.

When the correspondence reopened in earnest in 1895 Mr. Shaw and Miss Terry were in a position to be very useful to each other. Mr. Shaw, as the most brilliant of England's critics, was only too willing to give her the benefit of his criticism in private. Though he might seem to be purely destructive, he could be extremely constructive. His ideas on the arrangement and cutting of Shakespearean texts was excellent (though he hated the thought of his "Ellen" wasting her time on "a second-rate Kingsley" or Shakespeare). His knowledge of acting was all-seeing. And the letters in which he gives her detailed instructions on the playing of Imogene are among the most penetrating samples of his critical writing.

Miss Terry as the leading woman of Mr. Irving's Lyceum, and the outstanding English actress of her time, had just as much to offer Mr. Shaw as he did her. Having "just finished a beautiful little one act play for Napoleon and a Strange Lady," he approached her as a salesman of his own wares as well as a champion of the new theatre. His hope, naturally enough, was that she could persuade Irving to take this play, and then some of the later ones. And until he had finally persuaded her to leave the Lyceum, and won his victory over his old rival by having Miss Terry act Lady Cicely in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," he fought tirelessly for his points.

He does not hesitate to confide to her his opinion of Irving. "Your career," he cries in that swinging, easy, cadenced prose which is unfailingly his, "has been sacrificed to the egotism of a fool: he has warmed his wretched hands callously at the embers of nearly twenty of your priceless years; and now they will flame up, scorch his eyes, burn off his rum-bathed hair, and finally consume him." Or later, and just as slyly, "You have contracted your conceptions to suit *his* head—that narrow little cutlet of a forehead that peers and guesses at my Temple of Reason." Or still later, and with the same Catonic insistence, "H. I. . . . has no grip at all, comparatively, just as he has no voice, and therefore does not lose it. The condition in which he works is a somnambulistic one: he hypnotizes himself into a sort of dreamy energy, and is intoxicated by the humming of his words in his nose."

Miss Terry cannot but see that behind these jests there lies a mind which Irving cannot boast and an interest in her future which Irving does not share. Very early in the game, she is admitting, when it comes to the question of Irving's producing "The Man of Destiny,"

> "He'll play it quick enough, never fear, but I see what he is thinking, the silly old cautious thing. He is such a dear Donkey! Darling fellow. Stupid ass. I can't bother about him and the part I want him to play any more.

But bother she does as Shaw continues his attacks, as Irving keeps on producing "rubbish," and as her parts at the Lyceum threaten to become smaller. The letters quicken in their pace until the climax is reached, Miss Terry has retired from the Lyceum, Irving has lost his fight, and Shaw's first London successes at the Court have, ironically enough, come to stand between him and Miss Terry just as the Lyceum had done in the old days.

Though it is this struggle with Irving which gives these letters their plot, they find their charm—their abundant charm, their constant stimulation, and their amazing vitality in the persons of Mr. Shaw and Miss Terry. Both of them are born letter-writers, people of that world behind the scenes which has "an emotional free-masonry of it," and correspondents who dispense with all the bromides of duller correspondents. Their styles are clear and informal. No subject is too large for them to treat, and nothing is too small for them to write about. Miss Terry, in her utterly feminine, mothering, and tender way is a match for Mr. Shaw. She sees through his posturings "as a half-starved Mephistopheles," takes off his mask, nurses him like a baby, and always takes his judgment seriously "even when it did not jump with her own." Mr. Shaw, who has never written a dull letter, has never written better ones than his "Ellenest Ellen" inspired. Nor has he ever revealed himself as fully and as winningly. They are written with that mixture of passion and precision which Chesterton once defined as the essence of his Puritanism.

> "You *are* in the blues!" she writes to him. "You are only a boy. Forty is *nothing* when it's Irish. Blow Webb! Be strong. Don't waste your time on any women. Work. Shake the world, you stupid (darling). Give up picture-sitting, writing to elderly actresses (selfish beasts). Give up fooling. It's only because you are a boy, but it's not fair. It's horrid, and like a flirting girl who is more thoughtless, maybe, than wicked. But at forty you ought to have felt the ache of dead-at-the-heart, the ache of it. I guess you have given it to this poor lady, and you couldn't do that if you knew the pain. But you're only a boy."

"Lord," writes he,

> what a supernal night it was last night in the train and coming home. A ten-inch moon, a limelight sky, nightingales, everything wonderful. Today the same clearness and an Italian heat. For the first time for months, I've loafed—read scraps of things— done nothing. I'm tired in all my bones. I finished the revision of Mrs. Warren yesterday. And now I *must* do some work. But to sustain me in it—keep on loving me (if you ever did). O my Ellenest—love me hard, love me soft, and deep, and sweet, and for ever and ever and ever.

Or again,

> Don't tell me you're tired: you are not half so tired as I am, nor so lonely, nor so sore. *Don't* go to the Lyceum: stay at home and write to me; what does a first-night matter? What is their silly curiosity to my heart's need? No: I shall only bore you, whatever you do. You may chop off all my fingers and toes for a necklace, and have my heart as a locket if you will only say that you like them better than diamonds.

Letter after letter (all of which seem to flow so easily from the heart and pen of Mr. Shaw, "the writing machine" as he refers to himself) is gay with the same affectionate cajolery. But towards the end, to an Ellen who has never been fooled, he confesses,

> It is not the small things that women miss in me, but the big things. My pockets are always full of the small change of love-making: but it is magic money, not real.

A paper romance if you will, every blessed word of it. But, as Mr. Shaw says at the end of his fine preface to these letters of many years ago, "Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love."

"A Fundamental Letch"

(*Continued from preceding page*)

haps soon. But while that esthetic Utopia is still in cloud cuckoo land the story-tellers in print and on the stage might be learning more of the terms of success. They might learn from a last year's reel in the humblest movie house that we want—we have always wanted—stories, in which any art that creates life may come to fruition, without which the most lifelike scene and deeply psychological character will remain local and temporal in its interest, or appeal at best to that intellectual curiosity which reads novels as textbooks or newspapers, and sees plays for what can be learned about the facts of life.

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America, There She Stands

THE EPIC OF AMERICA. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THIS book presents Mr. Adams in a new light as a historian. In the three volumes of his history of New England, published between 1921 and 1926, Mr. Adams drew from a fresh study of the sources a picture of New England life down to 1850 which was in a number of respects unconventional, particularly in its exposure of the Puritan character and its free handling of New England leaders. The three volumes are quite the best history of New England that has yet been written, and they are likely to hold their place for a long time; but Mr. Adams was fortunate in his time as well as happy in his subject, and his critical and even caustic interpretation of seventeenth-century New England, while less novel in substance than it was widely thought to be, accorded well with a popular temper already hostile to tradition in history and prepared to welcome a historian whose narrative showed something of the seamy side. New England, however, especially in the years with which Mr. Adams dealt, was a province, deeply marked, in spite of its political divisions, by social traits easily distinguished as provincial or regional rather than national; and the writing of provincial history, while in no sense a light task, is nevertheless somewhat facilitated by the obvious limitations of the subject. "The Adams Family," again, a later work, while a brilliant performance of enduring worth, is biography; and biography, even when done on the elaborate scale of Morley's "Gladstone," is not history.

In "The Epic of America" Mr. Adams has turned to national history, where the qualities demanded are not altogether such as hitherto have stood him in good stead. The form which he has chosen calls, among other things, for rare powers of condensation and summary, for "The Epic of America," its story brought down almost to the present moment, hardly exceeds in length one of the three New England volumes. In place of a province with national connections, there is a nation with half a dozen provinces as well as a national character to be dealt with, and one must see things both regionally and in the whole, not merely with command of a great body of data, but also with a sure grasp of cardinal movements and a just balancing of sectional and national influences. Most of all, perhaps, is there need of a clear conception of the nation as well as of an understanding of its various parts. A history of a nation, whether extended or brief, if it is to be more than a chronicle, must embody the writer's idea of what the nation is like; it must be an interpretation of its spirit as well of as its acts, an exposition of the forces that have molded it as well as of the reaction of its people to circumstances. To perceive the theory in the facts, to trace its evolution as it did in truth evolve, to put incidents in their place, to chart the main stream without being misled by eddies or tributaries, and to leave, when all is done, such impression of social unity as events themselves warrant, is the task of the historian of a nation.

* * *

Mr. Adams leaves us in no doubt about his theory; indeed, having stated it early, he stops again and again in the course of his narrative to remind us of it, lest, apparently, we should forget. The American history that he sees as an epic is the story of the common man, dreaming of "a better, richer, and happier life for all our citizens of every rank which is the greatest contribution we have as yet made to the thought and welfare of the world." That dream has been dreamt, however, until the past forty years, under the influence of the frontier; and even now, when the physical frontier has long since disappeared, our social, political, intellectual, and moral life bears its marks. "It is a difficult dream for the European upper classes to interpret adequately, and too many of us ourselves have grown weary and mistrustful of it," but it has nevertheless "been realized more fully in actual life here than anywhere else, though very imperfectly even among ourselves." The American epic, in other words, is the story of a struggle, under unique physical conditions, for an ideal which has been far from perfectly attained, yet which the nation as a whole, even from its infancy, has believed it possible to reach.

The theory, certainly, is not novel save in the way in which Mr. Adams develops it. Translated into more accustomed language, it amounts to saying that American history is the story of a people who have sought to develop a democratic way of life under the peculiar conditions of a new country which itself was unlike any other; and Mr. Adams is not the first historian to look at the matter in that way. That he himself is possessed by the theory is too apparent to admit of question, and his exposition of it has qualities of distinction; yet although it would be unfair to say that he distorts it, his habit of lugging it out again and again and restating it in substantially the same terms suggests that it is not so evident but that it needs to be argued. He does not, for example, picture the common man marching steadily and triumphantly forward like an army with banners; there are a good many stragglers in his procession and much loafing and plundering by the way. He does not write "frontier" across the whole map or represent it as a definite geographical line; "the genuine frontier," he remarks in speaking of its latest period, "was not merely a staked claim to a farm; it was a state of mind and a golden opportunity." He does not overlook the factor of race, especially, of course,

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
From a caricature by Jacobi.

the English race, nor is he so absorbed with "movements" or "tendencies" as to neglect the incidents in which the daily life of successive generations was set. Like the scientific explorer, Mr. Adams sees both the forest and the trees. Yet after all is said and done, his book is likely to leave many readers with the uneasy feeling that the ideal upon which he repeatedly insists has often been heavily obscured, and more than once, for long periods or in important sections of American society, has hardly been active at all.

The explanation of what, from the standpoint of structure at least, seems like a discrepancy between theory and fact lies, I think, in the sharply critical nature of many of Mr. Adams's observations. The common man whose progress, under the influence of the frontier, he has set himself to trace is a very imperfect product, and Mr. Adams, to his credit as a scholar, does not gloss the imperfections. One would expect him to give Puritan New England its deserts, and he does so, but he is equally outspoken about the narrowness and petty localism of the frontier, the degrading features of early and later industrialism, the moral rottenness of the reconstruction period, the deadening effects of the national scramble for money, and the vagaries of political and social reformers. He will have nothing but the truth of the matter as he sees it, and he does not turn from the truth when it is unpleasant. One must believe in the ideal as earnestly as he does to feel anything save a much-tempered elation over the America that he describes.

A few examples from the many that might be given—the book abounds in quotable passages in which readers who are not one-hundred-per-centers will delight—will illustrate Mr. Adams's critical manner. He sees New York, midway in its colonial period, presenting conditions from which "a rough-and-ready, bribing, and unscrupulous type of business man was beginning to emerge." New England, on the other hand, offered "good bone, all too lacking today, but the flesh was missing about it," and "some of the New Englander's preoccupation with hell fire may be accounted for by the severity of his winters and the depths of his snowdrifts." The frontier camp-meetings, with their emotional excesses and sexual orgies, are "a key to much that we shall find even in present-day life, in a nation even yet emotionally starving." "As America grew up she tried to serve, so to say, God and Mammon—that is, she insisted upon clinging to the ideal of Jeffersonianism while gathering in the money profits of Hamiltonianism," and by 1850 a "new sort of get-rich-quick patriotism was putting a heavy strain on men." The frontier, with its praise of the "booster" and scorn of the "kicker," "did us harm in training us not to see what we do not want to see"—a quality whose survival today may be discerned in the "hideous" journey from New York to Washington. "The Jacksonian movement of revolt, like most of those which deeply stir humanity, was one of aspiration, not of intellect," while the Civil War "dealt a staggering blow to the old American theory of natural rights and government by consent of the governed," and left us with "an emotional attachment to the old American doctrine, but, when faced by the complex problems of highly organized industrialism, with no solid intellectual foundation for our theory of government and its functions."

With the exception of a prologue on the Spanish colonization of Mexico which seems to have no close connection with the rest of the story, Mr. Adams's narrative follows broadly the usual chronological lines. He is at his best in dealing with economic and social situations, and contrives to work into his rapid survey a considerable mass of significant details in those fields. His allusions to literature, art, science, and intellectual life in general, while relatively few, are apt and usually pointed, and he makes place for a good many generalized observations on American culture at different periods. In political and constitutional matters he is less successful, dismissing briefly much that has in fact bulked large in our political development and reducing constitutional issues to little more than a skeleton. The treatment of foreign relations is equally cursory once the Revolution and the War of 1812 have been passed. One gathers that the common man, as Mr. Adams conceives him, has not been greatly interested in politics in the usual connotation of that term, and even less in constitutional discussion. The personalities to whom the greatest attention is paid are Samuel Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson—a well-chosen quintette if leadership is the criterion.

"The Epic of America" is not a great book. It urges its thesis a bit too strenuously, its proportions are open to question, it runs too much to generalization, and it is marred, as the narrative approaches the present, by unimportant references to the author's personal experiences. But it is an extremely interesting and important book and one which it is safe to predict will be widely read. There is rare power in its sweep, its pictures are gripping, and it has marked vigor and directness of style. It does, with a high degree of success, three at least of the things that a great history should do: it informs, it inspires, and it warns.

A Critical Anthology

AMERICAN POETRY FROM THE BEGINNING TO WHITMAN. Edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by HERVEY ALLEN

THE field which Mr. Untermeyer covers in this book is a vast and perplexing one. It goes without saying that in a critical anthology covering American poetry from the beginning to the Civil War there are many places where the opportunity to argue about this or that minor detail of fact or judgment is alluring. But both the scope of this work and the admirable performance of its editor preclude any captious meddlings or trivial asides.

Although the book runs to 823 pages, it is in reality a miracle of condensation. The result is a handy compendium of whole libraries of poetry, biographical and historical facts, and shelves of criticism. And Mr. Untermeyer's extracting process is not merely a drastic, but a skilful one. By it he not only fortifies the native flavor of our earlier poetry by distillation, but contrives as well to decant it into a handy modern bottle without spilling too much in the process. It is true that the vintages he handles here are old, but that is nothing against them, providing they have not lost their kick and bouquet. And I am bound to say that there is here to be found not only a deal of good, heady drink but pastime and good company as well.

Perhaps the editor's long experience is best displayed in this book by the fact that he has not tried

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to be the Palgrave of our Colonial and Early Republican scenes. Very early American literature in particular is not a field in which those who are so critically visioned they can see nothing but great nuggets of poetry should wander. Nor will it suffice anyone to put on yellow glasses and then gladly gather up stones. Mr. Untermeyer has carefully avoided both extremes. He himself describes this anthology as "a set of reappraisals, impartisan examinations, even, at times, reversed judgments."

His introductory material is well aimed and saves the reader from

> Stumbling in the dark on dull examples,
> And kicking up the dust from arid samples—

to an extent that not everybody will know enough to be thankful for.

But Mr. Untermeyer does not give us startling theories as to the development of American poetry up to the Civil War, nor does he invent new historical literary periods through his hat. As a long practising—and practised upon—anthologist he is well aware that the poetry of any epoch exists only in particular poems and is not a general abstraction to be brightly theorized about. His critical attitude seems to be that poetry is the kind of lasting thing which poets have written. It is this ideal with which he has matched his poems when selecting them.

Hence his purely historical preface is used for the most part to provide a way of giving direction and a general perspective to the forty-five groups of poems and the critical biographical sketches that constitute the main body of the book. It is in these snapshots of poets, and in the selection and treatment of their poems rather than in the historical introduction that noteworthy reappraisals and revision of judgment take place.

Even without the poems these thumbnail sketches constitute the best comprehensive portrait gallery of our poets up to and including Whitman that I know of anywhere. They are miniatures to be sure, but they are models of their kind. There is not a single caricature in the lot; no peculiar, modern distortions, yet they achieve the difficult art of fusing biography with literary criticism. Mr. Untermeyer does not merely rëecho acceptably and in fashion, but adds a valuable something of his own.

This is particularly true in his treatment of Walt Whitman. In sixteen pages a valid picture of that difficult figure vividly emerges. All the painful facts about him and his work are squarely faced, and for that reason this truly brilliant little sketch serves to illuminate to an unusual degree not only the selections which follow but the whole body of Whitman's work.

Full justice is also done to Melville. A number of the poetical passages from "Moby Dick" are introduced as well as some of the war poems. Too many I think. It is a question whether the attempt to project Melville as an important poet is not trying to hitch him to the wrong cart. "Moby Dick" is the work of a genius, but exhibits of rhythmical prose passages from it do not make Melville a poet. His short poems in regular verse are all minor and some of them poor. If it were not for the famous prose works, would Mr. Untermeyer ever have included Melville as a poet?

Sensible people will be gratified by the eminently just appraisal of Longfellow in this anthology. His treatment for some decades now has been simply ridiculous and it is time to call the cards. Mr. Untermeyer I believe takes the correct stand here about this gentle poet, one of sensitive common sense.

In this book, and for the first time in any American anthology, our finest lyricist before Poe is adequately recognized with seven poems. I refer to Edward Coote Pinckney.

The opening poem, anonymous, "Bacon's Epitaph, Made by his Man," written just after Bacon's Rebellion, is here happily salvaged. Michael Wigglesworth is as bad as ever. That can't be helped, but Ebeneezer Cook's the "Sotweed Factor," an early Maryland poem, might have cheered us up some, and it is missing. Freneau shows unexpected vigor under careful selection. Ruthless editing has also done something for the copious William Gilmore Sims. It seems a pity that in saddling a bad version of "Dixie" on Albert Pike no mention of the fact that he is the first American to show the direct influence of Keats is made. Thomas Holly Chivers is a bit overestimated both as an influence and a poet, I think. The contrary is true of Henry Beck Hirst. I miss one really good poem, "Drifting," by Thomas Buchanan Reed. There is also his "Sheridan's Ride." Since Mr. Untermeyer has started in to prune stanzas from Poe's "To Annie" he might have operated on Reed. But I hope this bad habit of pruning does not spread. Whatever the reasons for it, those against it are more potent. Anthologists are not surgeons. The imagery in Poe's "To Helen" does not show a logical connection:—that seems to mar an otherwise unusually lucid critique of Poe. Henry B. Timrod is not here and does not even get an editorial mention, nor does Hayne. Incidentally, none of the lady *literati* are among the chosen, and one must agree with that. It is fine, however, to have resurrected Julia Ward Howe's "Our Orders." She and poor Anne Bradstreet are the only ladies with poems here, by the way. All of this, however, *is* by the way, and one could afford to overlook much more just for the sharp and convincing rëestimate of James Russell Lowell.

Over a hundred pages at the end are given over to "Native Ballads and Folksongs" combined with informing and amusing critical comment. Enough material has been lavished under what the author casually calls "Appendices" to furnish forth many a Ph.D.'s solemn thesis. Included under "American Indian Poetry" are some genuine poems. For a wonder, they are not mere laboratory material for anthropologists. A frightful amount of perfervid nonsense about "autochthonous rhythms," etc., has been lavished elsewhere on the Red Brothers' poetry, and I would call the attention of those interested in the subject to the sound *résumé* which here precedes the Indian selections. We are also given selections of Spanish Colonial verse with some of the hymns of the *Penitentes*, flagellants of the Southwest, a rather fascinating sect. Here, and in the Indian section, Mary Austin, of course, and others are drawn upon.

The Negro poetry, of which there is good store, is presented under "Negro Spirituals," "Negro Social 'Blues' and Work-Songs," and "Negroid Melodies"—the last a careful distinction. "Backwoods Ballads" and "City Gutturals"—Mr. Untermeyer insists on the pun—close the book.

In these days of much slapdash publishing one should be thankful for the good Reference List, Index of Authors, and Index of First Lines at the back. The format of the volume is pleasing and durable; the arrangement convenient and concise.

"American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman" is a companion volume to "Modern American Poetry" by the same author. In these two volumes we now have the body of American verse from early Colonial times to 1930 made accessible, classified, and provided with a clarifying critical comment.

Together these books constitute a bright clue leading through the confused labyrinth of American poetry. It would be very easy to balk and cavil here and there throughout the long sweep of Mr. Untermeyer's two volumes, and one accepts them, as one accepts any large critical comment, with special reservations. That, however, need not prevent one from being genuinely appreciative in the face of so arduous and valuable an achievement.

The Whiteoaks Saga

FINCH'S FORTUNE. By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

HERE is the third novel dealing with that extraordinary Canadian family, the Whiteoaks. They have just as much flavor as the Forsytes and give us the same sense of reality. They fall down in comparison with the Forsytes, however, in that they are not typical of any large part, or even of any important part, of the social order. Where the Forsytes were inextricably bound up with the whole of English life and were radically affected by the changing temper of a nation, the Whiteoaks are isolated, solitary, practically a feudal group living from and by themselves. Socially, intellectually, and spiritually, the Whiteoaks come near to living a life that depends, so to speak, on taking in one another's washing; that is why they are, as a group, so cranky, so arrogantly and unmercifully intolerant. Of course this isolation makes them good copy, but at the same time it militates against this chronicle's having the importance that Mr. Galsworthy's has; the Whiteoaks have no significance outside of themselves. And that is a pity, because Miss de la Roche writes about them so very capably, makes them so solid and substantial, that we wish she had a bigger, more implicative theme with which to dignify them. The extended history of a family, necessarily lacking pointed intensity and concentrated drama, does need something beyond itself to tie to.

But it is ungrateful to complain, for Miss de la Roche is a natural story-teller, fertile in invention, possessed of a sure touch. Her books are always interesting and readable, and only rarely do her characters and incidents lack absolute reality. "Finch's Fortune" is one of those novels that give the impression of abundance—lots of things happening, lots of people here and there, lots of ideas—a feast of just the sort that delights most readers. And it should be said emphatically that it will make no difference to anyone's enjoyment of "Finch's Fortune" if he happens not to have read the other two novels; this one is quite all right to begin on.

"Finch's Fortune" opens with the twenty-first birthday of Finch Whiteoak, the day on which he is to inherit the hundred thousand dollars from his magnificent grandmother. The rest of the clan are put out that he should have been the one chosen by her to receive the legacy, rather than any one of themselves, especially as he is under the suspicion of not being quite up to the Whiteoak standard. Finch, of course, feels this antagonism, and the general theme of the novel is his attempt to be a Whiteoak, to win the affection of the others, and to do both things within the given limits of his own nature. In the end we are made to feel that he has lost nothing important by his drawing a little closer to the prescribed standards. Though Finch has the centre of the novel, the others are all there in full flavor. The petulant old uncles, Nicholas and Ernest; Renny, headstrong and horsey, titular master of the house; Eden, weaker than the rest suspect; the two women of the family, Alayne and Pheasant, foreigners to Jalna, each, in her own way, succumbing to the Whiteoak tradition; and over in England, Augusta, carrying on unsentimentally—all these are excellently sustained and developed. Young Wakefield deserves a special note: he is a truly original character, a remarkably impressive creation. These characters are managed with the skill and effectiveness of a dramatist who is never at a loss how to get a character on or off the stage or what to do with him when he is on. The novel is rich in situation, as rich as it is in character, which is no small accomplishment. If we were to find fault, it would be with the part that Sarah Court, a young cousin whom Finch meets at Augusta's Devonshire home, is made to play in the novel. She is too exotic, too irrational, and the events with which she is concerned do not have the high authenticity that we have come to expect. But that is a comparatively small matter.

There is no reason to believe that there will not be further novels in this series, and it is a real pleasure to be able to expect more of such distinguished story-telling.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THE EPIC OF AMERICA. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. *Little, Brown.*

The story of America from its earliest times to the present day, written by one of the ablest of contemporary historians.

ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW: A Correspondence. Edited by CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN. *Putnam.*

An exchange of letters of outstanding interest between the most brilliant present-day dramatist and the most famous English actress of the last generation.

RED HEADED WOMAN. By KATHARINE BRUSH. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

The light but searching and at times inordinately clever tale of a secretary who married her wealthy and fashionable employer and attempted to take her place in his social circle.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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A Modern Narcissus

HALF A LOAF. By GRACE HEGGER LEWIS. New York: Horace Liveright, Inc. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

GRACE HEGGER LEWIS'S first novel is a study in egocentricity. She has selected for her heroine a woman who looks outside herself only to see what reflections of herself she may find there. She is a modern Narcissus, using the world, instead of a pool, for her mirror. Every situation, every incident, and every relationship is considered merely as to its compatibility with the omniverous ego of this Susan Brooke Hale. Her passionate preoccupation with herself makes it possible for her to say on leaving a garden that has been hers for less than a year, "Good-bye, Earth, I think you are a little richer for having known me," and inevitable that she should point out to her young author husband, slightly dazed at the reception of his first successful novel, that enthusiastic columnists are quoting from the book sentences *she* had written for him; and makes convincing her amazement that her husband should be so petty as to notice that she has always taken (quite unconsciously) for her own, the largest and pleasantest room in each of their many houses.

The book opens with a scene in an office elevator. Susan Brooke is descending from late work on the staff of a fashion magazine. She wears old, perfectly-fitting tweeds that make the newer serges of her co-workers seem the ready-mades that they are. Susan is pleasantly conscious of this. She has an English accent that causes consternation among her fellow Americans who speak the native tongue. Susan is pleasantly conscious of this. She has been brought up in convents and amid the pleasing bustle of trips to Europe, while her less fortunate contemporaries have had to acquire their adulthood and education amid the well-known American scene. Susan is pleasantly conscious of this. She is extremely pretty, she is both quick-witted and witty, and she has an astounding faith in the value and importance of her own personality.

Timothy Hale is also descending from late work—his with a publishing company. He is presented in startling contrast to Susan. He is tall, thin, awkward, with narrow sloping shoulders from which his old clothes hang without distinction. He has come from Middle Western stock and has known no refining foreign jauntings. His speech is noticeably American. Susan is the poised, sure, woman of the world. Timothy is, in Susan's eyes, the clumsy supplicating bumpkin (for what is Harvard to Susan Hale or Susan Hale to Harvard?). But Timothy's admiration is obvious, so Susan laughs tolerantly when he scatters manuscripts and his hat about the elevator and comes to grips with a pail in collecting them, and she finds it amusing to buy him some ornate garters when his fail at their task in public.

Timothy is unqualifiedly in love with Susan, and one day, when his first novel is accepted by the publishers, she consents to marry him. Their first home is on Long Island where they ride bicycles to garden parties and Susan arranges the books on the mantlepiece to *épater le bourgeoisie* and chooses a French maid of all work partly in order to enjoy good cooking and partly so that she may be able to say, "*Entrez*" and "*encore des légumes, Clemence,*" in the presence of strangers. Meanwhile Timothy writes his second novel on his two-hour daily trip to the city and back. But Timothy grows restless, and they move to St. Augustine, where he writes short stories; he grows restless again, and they go to Bannerman and stay with his parents; they both grow restless and buy a Ford to journey to the Pacific Coast. A sojourn of some months follows at Carmel, where they dislike the writers intensely but find congenial companionship among the townspeople. Back to New York and a baby is born. Off to St. Paul, where Timothy's tactlessness alienates the citizens and Susan's deliberately turned-on charm, after he has left, restores the Hale standing. Next comes Cape Cod, and after that Europe and America and here and there until the reader becomes as confused as Susan herself who finds "tee-rains and travelin" less fun now that there is a baby to consider.

Timothy's third novel, "God's Own Country," with the scene his home town of Bannerman and the theme the sterility of life in a small American city, is an instantaneous success. Money and adulation flow in upon the Hales. And trouble. For with success Timothy begins to act like the characters that he portrays and to drink a great deal with his friends, and Susan continues to act like herself and to resent the fact that her personality is so often overlooked for that of her now famous husband and to demand, both in season and out, that he stop drinking so much. Timothy seems to Susan to care nothing about their son. After nine years of married life Susan sees Timothy kiss a blonde stranger at a party. She is profoundly shocked and hurt, but apparently quickly converted to the new idea, for it is only a short time later that Timothy, had he been there to look into the carriage, might have seen an even more amorous passage between Susan and an Italian admirer. Things go from bad to worse maritally, and the logical end comes at Reno with Susan getting the divorce.

If Mrs. Lewis (the former wife of Sinclair Lewis) intended her novel for a portrait of one of the most devastatingly self-centered women that have yet appeared in fiction she has succeeded to a remarkable degree. But in reading the book one feels that the author sees Susan as a sympathetic character much buffeted by fate. Mrs. Lewis exposes Susan down to the last pitiful shred of her superficial and possessive character and yet never seems to catch the significance of the portrait she has painted. She has, perhaps, builded better than she knew.

Mr. Frank's Other America

AMERICA HISPANA. By WALDO FRANK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

WALDO FRANK, interpreter of the civilization of these United States, and student of Hispanic culture, both Iberian and in the New World, has produced a new synthesis, a new presentation of Latin-America.

The range of this interpretive survey is vast, its sweep impressive, and, as with all Waldo Frank's writings, highly subjective. It begins with a Prelude, "The Canal," followed by Book One—"Portrait," divided into five comprehensive chapters dealing with the five great regions of America Hispana: "The Andes," which includes Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador; "the Pampa," which presents Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay; "the Pacific," chiefly Chile and more of Peru; "the Forest," which is wholly Brazil, and "the Central Sea," devoted largely to Mexico and Cuba, but touching the whole Caribbean including coastal Venezuela and Colombia. Then follows an Interlude, "San Martín and Bolívar." Book Two is entitled Prospect and is divided into two chapters, the first, "The Atlantic World," in turn subdivided into "Gold and the Machine," "The American Half-Worlds," "The Person," and the second, subdivided into "Vertebration," "Federation," "Integration." In conclusion are "A Personal Bibliography" and an index.

Waldo Frank is a poet. His prose is poetry. His imagination is poetic. His vision and his visions are those of the poet. He has created in the first book of this volume—the far more important part both quantitatively and qualitatively—a beautiful and dynamic interpretation of the Hispanic hemisphere. There are the qualities of painting, sculpture, and music in his synthesis. His vision is penetrating, his sense of values profound, his appreciation of nuances discerning, his flair searching and subtle. As poetry. As unleashed fancy. As gallant imagining. As mysticism. As of hope of wish-fulfilment. As projection of self.

A passage typical of the breath and depth of his embracing concept, of his utilization of all the senses, of his poetic license, of the idiosyncrasies of his vocabulary, is the following from the sub-chapter "The Amazon":

> To go up the Amazon is to be intussuscepted within a world. It is a blood stream running through a forest, and the forest is Brazil. It is the life flow of the huge tropic nation. Its water is thick with the alluvion of a cosmos: flakes from the cold stone heights, hot loam of the jungle, decay of insects, flowers, beasts, make its flowing haemal. The wet skies turn it brown, the thunder turns it black; the rare sun with vertical rays prods at the opaque flood, blotching its skin with bistre and glancing blue. But from the river, sky and forest and Brazil are all invisible. Man is a micro-organism floating in the blood of a creature hugely beyond him. All that he can know is Amazon. The clouds and rains are nebulous extensions of its flood. The sun is a crystal of the river heat; and the stars at night are swimming in its drench, as the insects in its air, as the fish in its deep. . . .

Such renderings are frequent, varied, usually superb. Similarly are lyricized (or perhaps epicized) the infinity of plain that is Pampa, the eternity of rock that is Andes. And in the realm of ethnic interpretation is the interesting, if debatable, summation of the half-breed and his bearing on contemporary Hispanic-American history:

> The hour of the mestizo is the century of turmoil which has succeeded the Emancipation and which, in his Andean home from Mexico to Chile, is not yet quite over. Look for no ordered progress in this chaos. It is a dark time. It has its political, economic, and intellectual stages. But deeper in significance is the very darkness. The mestizo is expressing himself. In his bewilderment, he is a child; not ready to think or act in terms of law. When he is forced, like a child, he imitates. He sets up inappropriate republics; irrelevant constitutions. What he is really doing is to articulate his instinctive needs. Only by releasing to the air of action his clotted conflicts can he emerge to the true dawn of action. For he is a man in whom two worlds are riven in mortal deadlock; and both must die before his own can be born.

Lyric prose. Poetry. Symbolism. Only in terms of these may one consider Waldo Frank's biometereological assumption concerning the specific effect of tropical climate on human culture, that "the similarity of temperature, within the human body and outside it, induces an instinctive union between the person and the world" and makes therefore the culture of Brazil and the Congo "an unconscious, non-intellectual monism." Or his bio-geological thesis that since "in most parts of Mexico the mountains are volcanoes, live or dead . . . every Mexican breathes a subterranean fire which must some day break the shell and destroy him." Or a hundred other symbols, analogies, metaphors, crypticisms.

In the second part Mr. Frank deals with abstractions, inductions. Here he plays the role of prophet. Following him through the intricacies of his thought and the complexities of expression was often difficult, and at times impossible, for this reviewer. He lacked the necessary Ariadnean cult-thread. Here is a characteristically obscure passage from the chapter "The American Half-Worlds" in which Mr. Frank discusses as the outstanding expressions of the Anglo-Saxon culture, Protestantism, Capitalism, and "Democratism," of which last he writes:

> Here, disguised by addition, is the same concept of the separate ego glorifying itself, which we found in Protestantism and in Capitalism. For the divine people is but the sum of separatistic, unregenerate selves. The ego now rationalizes its rightness on the authority of the mass, which is a mere extended form of itself. It is not strange that Romanticism should reveal the worship both of the Mob and of the solitary unregenerate soul, since one is the cumulation of the other; and that the race, which has lost its dawning intuition of the true person as the focus of mankind and of cosmos, should compensate for its gathering insecurity by stressing number.

Mr. Frank's preference for the Hispanic way of life to our own is apparent. He is therefore a not unwelcome interpreter of our culture to that below the Rio Grande which has found in his strictures of North American civilization much that confirms South American prejudices. But it is probable that as an interpreter of the Hispanic culture which he loves, he is more successful, in achieving both greater objectiveness and a wider recognition of the verisimilitude of his portraiture. Interpretation born of sympathy, even if leading to occasional idealization, is apt to be more faithful than that which mirrors an inner revulsion. Moreover, while occasional symbolisms in "America Hispana" seem a bit strained, its estimates are on the whole well-balanced and devoid of some of the fantastic exuberances of some of Waldo Frank's other writings—such as his open letter to the Cuban students about a year ago giving them his moral support in their revolt against Machado. In short, his judgments in "America Hispana" appear to have moderated somewhat, to have become saner, more detached. Concomitantly one senses a diminution of the egolatry marked in some of the earlier writings. There is far less burning of Frankincense within its pages. There is still considerable preciosity. There is still the *sui generis* vocabulary, in which much reliance is placed on "dichotomies," "perdurant," "diatheses," "coruscant," "scoriacious," "tumescent," "nubile," "enfeoffed," "hermeneutics," and such variants from commoner usage as "carven," "vastitude," "myriadly," "dolor," "embryon," "empiry," "pulsant," "dullened," "reverberance," "dominion," as a verb, and "ruth" and "rationable" as nouns.

Pegasus Perplexing Contest

The results of the Charade Contest are announced on page 176.

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The Bowling Green

Gold Standards

AN American novelist who has been living abroad for some years and has lately returned, refuses to be too severely depressed by the international gold-standard dislocation. In an attic in Maine he has a number of native first editions which he inherited in a family estate. Among them are Hawthornes, Mark Twains, and a *Moby Dick*. When he went abroad $50 would have been a fair price for his *Moby Dick;* now he finds it worth something like $1,000.

* * *

One of the excitements of being in town for the winter, for the first time in nine years, is having an opportunity to snout round again among bookshops. At the Academy Bookshop, 57 East 59, which is managed by Mr. A. B. Shiffrin, an old Bowling Green contributor, I found an interesting counter of first editions at $1 each. Among them was a copy of Ferdinand Earle's collection *The Lyric Year* (1912) which is interesting to collectors (or should be) because, among other reasons, it was Edna Millay's first appearance in public print—five years before her *Renascence* volume. This reminded me that one of my own private hunches as a snapper-up of trifles is that an interesting collection could be made of books first published in 1912. It is rather remarkable how many names that afterward became well-known made their baptism of ink in that year. I speak now only by memory, but among interesting books dated 1912 I think at once of H. M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*; Vachel Lindsay's pamphlet *Rhymes To Be Traded For Bread;* Sinclair Lewis's pseudonymous *Hike and the Aeroplane;* Don Marquis's *Danny's Own Story;* Theodore Dreiser's *The Financier;* Morley Roberts's *The Private Life of Henry Maitland* (which, in a devious way, initiated the revival of interest in George Gissing). Elinor Wylie's first book was printed anonymously in that year. I think that one of Masefield's early collections—was it *The Everlasting Mercy*?—carried the date 1912. I have a notion that Conrad Aiken's first book appeared in that year. Mr. Shiffrin had among his batch of Firsts a copy of F. P. A.'s *Tobogganing on Parnassus* dated 1912, but I believe it was published in 1911. I think it was in 1912 that a certain G. L. Strachey, afterward better known as Lytton Strachey, published his little *Landmarks in French Literature.*

Won't some connoisseur with a longer memory suggest other interesting books that were born in 1912? Didn't both Amy Lowell and D. H. Lawrence begin publishing just about then? I think it is not too fanciful to see a sort of turning-point in that date.

* * *

Has anyone pointed out that Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, *in one of his liveliest novels* (*Up the Ladder of Gold*, published in January 1931) uttered a curious forecast of an international crisis in specie. He describes the agitation of British and other statesmen at the gradual disappearance of gold. Finally it transpires that Warren Rand, an American financier, has been secretly buying up reserves of bullion; he has accumulated over 500 million pounds' worth of gold in a vault in Geneva. By this means he compels the governments of all the great powers to his own terms and forces them to sign a disarmament pact.

Of course the British relaxation of the gold ratio has revived the long-standing contention that gold is a vacillating and cumbersome medium of value and had better be abandoned anyway. But as far as English literature is concerned there is no likely abatement of the gold standard. As long as we have Chaucer, Keats, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and a few (carefully selected) ingots of Wordsworth in the vault, the sterling Muse remains at par. Not long ago we read in an essay of John Morley's that De Quincey was "brilliant but shallow." This agitated us, and for a moment literary exchange broke sharply in our mind. It rallied well, however. When we saw a whole set of De Quincey (12 volumes in the nice old Ticknor and Fields edition) in Mr. Shiffrin's bookshop for $5, we immediately implored him to save it for us until the weather was cool enough for us to carry it home. In this quiet way we strive to readjust the undulations of finance.

* * *

Having been practically forced out of a country house and home by the rising tide of books, in which we sat like an ineffective Canute, it was a fascinating task to determine what were the absolute necessities for a winter library. Now we have a delicious sensation of freedom and relief. Better than most we know that life can be supported on comparatively few books. Of course we shall rapidly pile up a new accumulation, but we have sworn to hold a sale next spring to dispose of this winter's acquisitions. We hope to return with the same nucleus which we brought to town: the absolute desert-island minimum, the iron ration. This is our gold standard, our decimal system, the things we can't do without:—

Chaucer
Shakespeare
Keats's Poems
Keats's Letters (2 vols., Oxford Press)
Concise Oxford Dictionary
Petit Larousse
The Home Book of Verse
Leaves of Grass
Walt Whitman's Prose Works (1 vol.)

Since Keats's Letters are in two volumes, we should total the above as ten books. In our own mind, however, we reckoned all the Keats items as one and filled up our ten with De Quincey's *Opium Eater* and *Lake Poets* (both in the Everyman series).

Then as an additional flexibility we threw in three more random De Quinceys, a volume each of Bataille (*Causes Criminelles*), Anatole France, and Max Beerbohm; and *Dreamthorp,* to reread for Christmas. Say seventeen altogether. As soon as we got to town we bought some Conan Doyle, Cutcliffe Hyne and Earl Derr Biggers for pastime.

We can think of no reason why a library needs more than twenty books, until we get a chance to revisit some of our old haunts, such as Mr. O'Malley's bookshop on Columbus Avenue near 74th, or the Argosy Book Store in Bible House.

Woolworth's, you may not have noticed, sells some very nice Stevenson reprints, from the Scribner plates, at 10 cents each. . . .

* * *

Yes, what excitements for the rustic pagan (you won't have forgotten the original meaning of the word *pagan*) revisiting his Babylon after all these years. He sees the city with sharpened eyes. Why did I never before really think about the forest-graining in the wood-block pavement of Sixth Avenue about 44th and 45th Street? Thrilling to see, in the greased and trafficked roadway, clear pattern of the growing tree. If you wait for a red light you can even pause a moment to study it, pigeon-hole it as symbol of the country you have lost for a while. Emerging from the subway at Broadway and 50th, the sudden view of one of St. Patrick's spires pointed dark blue in morning light against a tall thin cream-colored building behind. Greatly daring these rustics set out in the old Studebaker to do some marketing for supper. It was the first time in many years he had attempted driving in New York. He started from 80th Street, but borne along apprehensively in the flow of traffic it was not until Fordham was reached that he saw what looked like a good chance to turn aside. Just beyond the crossing of Jerome Avenue and Fordham Road he darted desperately into a by-way. There is a very pleasant little grocery there, I recommend it to any other anxious drivers. About 190th Street and Davidson Avenue is a quiet parking-place, near a mortuary and with a peaceful view of an armory that has twin conical towers like an old French chateau. In the grocery I noticed a small bottle labelled IMPORTED CAPERS; casually I remarked that that would be a good name for a musical show. Thus I learned that show business is the hobby of the grocer's assistant; he has a friend who works on a newspaper in the Bronx and gets all the inside information. He told me how large a contract Mr. Chevalier had turned down. He offered kindly to carry our box of supplies home for us, and was startled when I explained (a little embarrassed) that I had driven from 80th Street Manhattan looking for a chance to park.

* * *

Driving a car does not give the pilgrim much leisure to study. On the way up Riverside I was pleased by an apartment house sign (somewhere near Grant's Tomb) about A Home Fit For a King. Elsewhere en route, glimpsed in a spate of traffic, I saw a tablet about something or other that had been erected by "A Race of Liberty Loving Americans"; I would have wished to know more about them, but the traffic cop was watching me. It is on foot that the traveller sees most. It is delicious to study again the breezy and humorous region I used to call the Little White Way—Broadway of the 80's and 70's. The old Milwaukee Lunch, where I used to have doughnuts and coffee and found the counter-man a zealot on Robbie Burns, is gone forever. A savings bank, that looks as heavy as those sinkers, is in its place. Nearby I found an unusual collector's item—an autographed bank. Yes, it has been signed by Mr. Joseph A. Broderick, the State bank superintendent, who announces that he has taken possession of it.

Mr. Simeon Strunsky in his delightful *Belshazzar Court* gave the best picture of this jolly neighborhood. If that book is no longer in print it should be revived in the Modern Library; it is a classic in social history. Several years ago, when we spent several months at the Beverly on 81st Street, we were told that Booth Tarkington had once lived there. I wonder if that was true; if so, alas that Mr. Tarkington did not turn his cunning hand to a delineation of the humors of the Upper West Side.

There is much to be studied in the shop windows. It was a new notion to me that pipes could be bought already broken-in. "Mechanically smoked with fine tobaccos," says the sign; "look for the cake in the bowl." Is this an extension of our national passion for ready-prepared foods and predigested literature? The simpleton from the country is astounded to find how far and fast civilization has run on ahead of him. Jars of tomato juice, cans of artichoke hearts, Maiden Form brassieres and Fish Net stockings. Crabs packed in rows in a tray of ice and seaweed, still bubbling their heroic disdain; lobsters feebly waving antennæ; these symbolize the fate of philosophers in this civilization. Yet usually when one is tempted to feel sardonic comes some surprising refreshment. I slipped into Saletan's, that lively stationery store, just before it closed for the night. There was a copy of *Leaves of Grass,* the Grosset and Dunlap edition, for 89 cents; and over the book-counter a clerk's memorandum of titles to be ordered for customers. They were: the *Boston Cook Book, Guys and Dolls, Hatters' Castle,* and the *Oxford Book of English Verse.* The gold standard still has its moments.

Sociologists must always remember Hobbes's advice, "Be not hasty to conclude."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Aesop's Tale

PEACOCK'S FEATHER. By GEORGE S. HELLMAN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1931. $2.50

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THE picturesque kings of ancient Lydia offer some high-grade ore to be smelted by the modern writer, as Gautier's "King Candaules" and Hebbel's "Gyges and His Ring" bear witness. Mr. Hellman writes of Crœsus, and his lovely concubine Delarai who two-timed him with his most trusted counselor. And this counselor is none other than our old friend Æsop of the fables, sent by his townsmen of Samos as Ambassador to Crœsus and retained by the king who appreciated his advice.

Mr. Hellman has a good triangle plot, but the story depends on the character of Æsop. No trick is harder for the novelist than to describe a character as extraordinarily shrewd and clever, and then show him being shrewd and clever instead of merely stating that he is. Mr. Hellman manages to do it. His Æsop is not only a systematic character but a shrewd philosopher of the type that the earlier ancients admired and appreciated. If this were a purely intellectual novel it would be better than it is. Unfortunately the plot and modern taste call for a good deal of carnality; Mr. Hellman dutifully writes of breasts and thighs, but he does it like a man who is much more interested in the frontal lobes of the brain.

In such a story the background and setting need not be obtrusive (and are not); nor is pedantic accuracy required. But a scholarly author should have realized that people who care to read about the Greeks at all will shiver at a false note when they read of Greek prætors and prefects, togas and tribunals.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Integrating Realities

BACKGROUND OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By CHARLES HODGES. New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

ONE turns the final page of this truly heroic volume with curiously mingled feelings of admiration and disappointment. Admiration is aroused by the magnitude of its conception and the tremendous industry which must have been necessary in the execution. Disappointment comes from the scarcity of original thought and the too numerous instances of painful pedestrianism in the writing. Professor Hodges starts us with a stimulating glimpse of far horizons, and here and there along the road of over 700 pages are many hilltops whence the man-made landscape of interstate contacts is clearly outlined. But at the end of this lengthy political treatise it is certainly disconcerting to be told, what is at once debatable and bromidic, that "doubtless a time will come when we will be civilized enough to understand that peace is a state of mind —not a political institution."

In truth the book is somewhat too ambitious, and is likely to leave the reader, as it certainly left this reviewer, with doubts as to whether the author kept his audience clearly in mind. The study seems at one and the same time too elementary and diffusive for the political scientist, yet too ponderous and concentrated for the general reader.

The adept in international relations will certainly challenge a number of Professor Hodges's assertions. We pass over the intimation that capitalism had its origin with the Industrial Revolution. A more current instance is where the author warns that "it may be an Italy . . . that finds the press of its humanity the goad driving it forward into another world conflict." The vital statisticians now agree that, with the exception of Russia, population pressure in the European nations is steadily diminishing and in the case of Italy Dr. Robert R. Kuczynski has recently stated that "if fertility and mortality should continue to develop for another decade as they have in the last decade, the population will no longer hold its own."

The neophyte, on the other hand, will find himself confronted by a rather involved style and by frequent carelessness in phraseology. One of many available instances may be quoted:

> It is because the governmental obstruction—which the weaker countries invoke to protect themselves with political weapons against the economic assaults of the business of nations—may hamper, but generally cannot indefinitely block, commercial exploitation unless backed up by a modernized economy.

Apparently the volume was completed hurriedly and under pressure. A little more consideration and there would have been revision of the false assertion that the Council of the League of Nations meets quarterly, when since the beginning of 1930 it has been convened for regular sessions only in January, May, and December. The basic importance of this volume makes such slips noteworthy. In a lesser book they might be ignored.

What demands recognition in this study is its epic sweep wherein the various forces beating on humanity in our feeble efforts to achieve a more ordered world community are analyzed in cool and clean perspective. From the effect of climate to that of a subsidized press there is scarcely a factor, physical or cultural, in the problem of international relations which is not given consideration; frequently thoughtful and stimulating treatment. The chapter on "International Communications" is particularly useful. To offset the stylistic crudities there are numerous crisp epigrams which push a point home effectively. Of such is the description of the Kellogg Pact as "not a treaty of definition, but of implications."

Though the study is dispassionate, objective, and free from dogma, its economic analysis is at times questionable, as when the author flatly asserts that "Europe's real financial difficulty arises from the Old World's refusal to choose between paying its debts and paying its armament bills." Professor Hodges is on more secure ground when he considers, trenchantly and judicially, the effect of unbridled nationalism on capitalistic civilization. In refreshing contrast to many commentators of the depression period the author sees that unbridled nationalism, not capitalism, is the weak point in our contemporary social structure. Not the Communists, but the Big Navy boosters and the High Tariff patriots, are today the real menace to our deeply internationalized economic system. The reasoning by which this important lesson is brought out is the more effective because it is in general implicit in the text.

Following the now traditional "Outline of History" model the book contains many maps, on the whole excellent, and numerous moralistic or didactic illustrations, on the whole dispensable. The bibliography is extraordinarily complete, containing references valuable alike to the advanced student and to the beginner in a branch of knowledge which is rapidly assuming its due measure of importance in this country. On the whole, Professor Hodges has done a very conscientious and valuable piece of work in the field of integrating knowledge. The "Background of International Relations" should be helpful in guiding many to better understanding of a subject as fascinating and vitally important as it is involved.

India and the Indians

STARK INDIA. By TREVOR PINCH. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $3.

Reviewed by GARDNER HARDING

"ABOVE all," says Mr. Pinch in his introduction, "I have tried to make this a 'human interest' book, to deal with people rather than with things, to show how the millions who are in our charge live, and love, and worship, and die, rather than to write of the abstract, philosophical, and possibly boring, aspects of what is known as the Indian question."

Decidedly this is a human interest book, and it is not to its discredit that it is written in a mood frankly critical of Indian life. But "Stark India," vivid in style, is "headline-minded" in manner. It oversimplifies its subject; and it suffers from a too-apparent effort to shock and alarm. When one reads a chapter heading, "The Land of Sex Mad Millions," and catches promise of alliterative disclosures on "Babus and Beastliness," "Films and Folly," and "Fathering a Family on Fourpence a Day," one anticipates the pleasure of getting positively pop-eyed over the revelations of Mr. Pinch's "rather close inside experience" in India "during the greater part of the year 1928."

However, although the details are in many cases sufficiently lurid, many of them graphically observed from personal experience, the author does not possess sufficient training in Oriental sociology to avoid the reproach he is certain to encounter, of having generalized from insufficient particulars. He writes earnestly, and his profession that he has come to respect and admire the Indian people is borne out by the fact that he nowhere condemns them or sneers at them in the abstract. He attacks vigorously certain evils and the institutions he perceives behind them that he has come quite honestly to loathe. If he had not adorned his book with so summary a title and confined his search so patently to such material as would bear it out, this would have been a much better guide to the "malaise of millions" which he very justly dreads as a "disorder operating at the heart of Britain's Eastern Empire."

While editor of *The Civil and Military Gazette*, Mr. Pinch conducted a campaign, in wholesomely outspoken Fleet Street fashion, against the vast army of quack doctors, irregular imitators of the Hindu *vaids* and the Mohammedan *hakims,* through whose ignorant hands pass a very large proportion of the six million deaths from preventable diseases that occur each year in India. British statistics published subsequent to Mr. Pinch's book admit that between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 people die every year in India from "fevers," which western science would mostly diagnose as malaria, dysentery, pneumonia and consumption, while small pox, cholera and plague, after being cut in half by a generation of devoted work, each claim an annual average today of half a million more. The author's estimate is therefore a modest one, and the vigorous campaign in which he led this old-established journal of Anglo-Indian opinion is a constructive, first-hand narrative of real instruction. He typified these "dangerous cheats," who buy their diplomas, adulterate their drugs, and keep alive the loathesome superstitions among the poor which regular practitioners are abandoning as "Dr. Dodo," and though it is not likely that this type of imposter has come to be so named "throughout India" as a result of this Englishman's description, nevertheless the facts brought to light have led to a government investigation of drug adulteration and to a strong reaction in Indian sentiment to submit to increased medical precautions at the great religious pilgrimage where most of the contagious diseases of India gain their terrible circulation.

The book is also an indictment of the Hindu cults of more pronounced phallic tendencies, as well as of the purdah system, the position of widows, child wives, and, in general, the degradation suffered by women in the name of the "national worship of procreation." The Mohammedan faith Mr. Pinch finds noble by contrast, his only serious attention to its system being included in a horrific eye-witness description of breast beating and flagellation at the fateful festival of the martyrdom of Hasan and Hosain, which has caused so many deadly riots between Mohammedans and Hindus.

In all his unrestrained indignation at this, to him, ingeniously dreadful system he pauses to pay one tribute to the Indian people that has behind it a profound abstraction of thought. It is the "idea" of sex that occupies the center of the Indian imagination, he discovers, not its personification in chance encounters. The Indian women may walk the streets free from molestation under circumstances forbidden and discountenanced in the west, where irregular sex appetites hedge life, even in a world of freedom, with necessary precautions. In India, where sex is at once a sacred symbol and an almost universal experience from puberty, there is a dignity to its manifestations provided by the absolute certitude of the Hindu conception of the place it occupies.

The dislodgement of this and other certitudes of Hindu religious thought, such as the position of the "untouchables" will, unhappily, survive still many years of well-intentioned castigation by alien and native reformers. That Gandhi "deserted" the depressed classes, however, is one particularly unjust passage in a rather myopic summary of this very consistent man. Only the other day, Gandhi placed the alleviation of the untouchables in one of the prominent sections of the radio address he made to the world on arriving in London. Gandhi leads, however, what he tries to conceive to be a nation, and if Lincoln was willing to leave us half slave and half free for the sake of our unity Gandhi may also be allowed his sense of the fitness of time in dealing with the unity which is the main purpose of his life for India.

There is a tinge of preachment in this book which will make it rather Mayo-esque reading for Indians, and it is not sufficiently fully vouched for in illustration and fact for the improvement of our own more concrete judgments. But one may be grateful for the liberal sympathy of a man who in his position could have been much more Empire-minded and much less whole-heartedly in approval with the Simon Report, for instance. The British administrator changes steadily with the changing East, and this little volume is one of the milestones by which India's historic arrival at Dominion status within the British Commonwealth may be accurately judged.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, widow of the famous Irish M.P. and journalist, died recently in London at the age of over seventy. She wrote a volume of reminiscences some twenty years ago, and was lately engaged on a second book. She was also the author of a number of plays and novels, and was once a reader for a publishing firm.

Sermon to the Professional

HEATHEN RAGE. By GERALD STANLEY LEE. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

"TELL them, dear, a title is its own excuse for being." So apparently thinks Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, for the striking caption of his latest work has very little to do with the actual content of the volume. He asks the question, why it is that the heathen rage in their wickedness while the godly never rage in righteousness (an assumption of course quite contrary to fact), and then says that he wants to infuse a little fire into the godly—by whom he chooses to designate the members of the five professions, physicians, clergymen, lawyers, teachers, and artists. It turns out, however, that it is enlightenment rather than fire that he brings—which certainly is an improvement but makes the title completely irrelevant.

"Heathen Rage" is a curious mixture of sane thinking and frothy emotionalism. It is a sermon addressed to, or at least dealing with, the professional classes. Mr. Lee would have physicians concentrate on preventing disease instead of on curing it, lawyers and lawmakers on preventing crime instead of on punishing it, clergymen on preventing sin instead of on denouncing it. He has some excellent criticism of the present habits of the three professions and a constructive program based on the necessity of taking into consideration the "whole man":—the whole psycho-physical organism, not merely the diseased organ; the whole life, not merely the criminal act; the body of man's fears and desires, not merely his so-called conscience. The same principle is equally applicable to art and pedagogy, but here Mr. Lee makes less direct use of it, elaborating instead a correlative idea, that of the necessity of coördinating mind and body in every mental or physical act. This is his special hobby, and in the present volume he fairly hunts it to death. As Irving Fisher has said, Mr. Lee is inclined to be "unbalanced on the subject of balance." Much of what he writes on the topic is admirable, but he sometimes talks as if all human problems would be solved by the practice of carrying an orange on the top of one's head for ten minutes a day,—a diverting exercise of which, if not the originator, Mr. Lee is at any rate the chief proponent.

Emotionally, the book drips with a superficial optimism. In fact, Mr. Lee's popularity is no doubt largely due to the impression that anyone may become healthy, wealthy, and wise simply by following his precepts—an impression which one fears the author shares. His habit of glad-handing the reader, slapping him on the shoulder, and nudging him in the ribs is also calculated to win the affection of the unfastidious. He constantly shows a naive self-satisfaction, which, being only a part of a universal kindliness that includes himself as well as every one else, is not unpleasant but does seriously distract the attention from his arguments. Such emotional childishness in a man of real talent is so characteristic of contemporary America that Mr. Lee is thereby almost given the importance of a symbol. But to be a symbol of something none too good is considerably less than to be the Emersonian whole man whom Mr. Lee set out to celebrate.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, supplements its preliminary announcement of the Stokes-Hodder & Stoughton $20,000 Prize Contest, for the best novel on any subject, with the following details: The $20,000 is an advance on a book royalty of 15%. The Contest, open to anyone in any country, closes November 1, 1932. The MSS. submitted must be not less than 75,000 words and not more than 150,000 words. The novels must be submitted under a pseudonym so that no person other than the General Manager of Curtis Brown, Ltd. (the literary agents handling the Contest for the associated publishers) will be aware of the author's proper identity. The MSS. must be original, written in the English language, and typewritten. Translations will be considered.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

LEW SARETT, whose *Wings against the Moon* is the latest of his poetic volumes, now four in number, is a sort of lone wolf of the West who knows a good deal about the ways of wild game, of Indians, of French-Canadians, and of trappers. His latest book, published by Henry Holt & Company, contains a variety of rich material ranging from the arresting narratives in the last section, "Voyageurs and Lumberjacks," and the sensitive Indian interpretations in "Water-Drums," through various miscellaneous poems down to the nadir of "Rebel and Rover," a lyric that should never have been included in a collection that shows elsewhere such humor and quick and accurate observation. For "Rebel and Rover" is almost pure Robert W. Service. Compare it with the delight of

The interminable tick, the inevitable tock
Of the thick halt tongue of the grandfather's clock

in Sarett's faithfully recorded experience of the "Mountain Hamlet," and it is shown for the rhodomontade it is! But forgetting this, we may register approval of Sarett's success in recording the movements of animals. His "Mountain Goat" is particularly good. "Clipped Wings" is unsentimentalized. His address to a Springer spaniel is about a most actual dog. In the "Arbutus" section of the book there is an interlude of love. Of these few poems "Peeled Poplar" is notably beautiful, "Frail Moment" moving, and such a brevity as "So Like a Quiet Rain" will stand quotation:

So like a rain she seems, a soothing rain
Tapping cool fingers on a window-pane,
And dropping syllables more slow and soft
Than the talk of sleepy pigeons in a loft.

Sarett's truest poetry is, perhaps, in his poems on Indians. His study of them somehow freshens his phraseology and makes more exact his descriptive phrase. "Two Chiefs on Parade" is a cleanly trenched engraving, Chief War-Hawk turned into a show for the yokels is full of insight in well-handled blank verse, and the "Chant for the Moon-of-Freezing" convinces us as an Anglicizing of the Indian's moving native poetry. There is also the free interpretation of a Chippewa legend, "The Birth of Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo," which, for its originality and rich legendary quality not unmixed with crude humor, is probably the best thing in the volume. At the end, where the "windy brothers" bless Wáy-nah-bo-zhóo with their various powers, it is told how Child-of-the-North-Wind

made in him
The strong white bones of winter,
Big shoulders that could crack an oak
As if it were a withered reed,
And put upon his iron lips
The sounding words of blizzards.

Those last two lines are pure poetry.

❧ ❧

I have read "The Kid," by D. P. Berenberg, a narrative poem about a Jewish prize-fighter, that has come from Macmillan with a certain amount of fanfare. One cannot help comparing the attempt with Joseph Moncure March's "The Set-Up," which dealt with a negro pugilist, to the detriment of Mr. Berenberg. The latter's short thudding lines somehow bear a certain influence that seems rather to come from Vachel Lindsay, without the other's sometimes wildly fortunate phrase. The poem has a definite thesis which obtrudes, while March's poem attempted to be no more than an accurate moving-picture of a particularly grim variety. So far as ringside description of the fight goes, Berenberg is nowhere beside March. If he knows as much technically about the game and its *milieu*, he has failed to convey that knowledge. The mystical significance to which the poem attempts to rise somehow failed to impress me. Which is far from saying that the lifting of one of the most hard-boiled activities of man into such an atmosphere is not allowable as an attempt. The subconscious works interestingly in every variety of human being. I simply feel that Mr. Berenberg has not succeeded in what he set out to do. Also, Mr. Berenberg's rhyming is not clever enough in its footwork to match with March's management of the intensely staccato. Then, too, we have had a verse narrative in the last several years from Joseph Auslander concerned with the squared circle. And Auslander can achieve great deftness.

Doubleday, Doran has brought out a limited edition of Osbert Sitwell's "Three-Quarter Length Portrait of Michael Arlen," and even more interesting than the agile presentation of the author of "These Charming People" and "The Green Hat," is Sitwell's account, prefaced to his short poem, of how, after finishing what I think is the masterpiece among his books of poems, "England Reclaimed," it occurred to him that he had hit upon a verse medium particularly adaptable to portraiture. So he even inserted a notice at the end of a limited edition of a certain book of his saying that, if you wished to interest posterity, the poet was willing to accept commissions from clients "who wish to have their likenesses executed." Not at all a silly idea! I for one should be quite as interested in perusing a poem-portrait of a friend of mine as in regarding his likeness done by an accomplished painter. Perhaps it was Sitwell's terms that caused him few returns from his advertisement. These were "for a full-length portrait-poem, 100 guineas; head and shoulders, 50 guineas; family groups, 200 guineas." Nevertheless he also placed his notice in the Agony Column of the *London Times*. But as to the rich, "Perhaps, he avers, "the camel feared my needle-eye; perhaps it merely did not want to interest posterity; or, again, modesty may have made it doubt that it could. . . . Who knows?"

However, he met Michael Arlen at a party of the late Arnold Bennett's, and Arlen became his first client. This resulted in further orders, many being from America. The poet concludes, "indeed I have not yet been able to deal with these, and have postponed them until my next visit to New York, where I hope to hold an exhibition. . . . So far, though, a family group has never been commissioned from me."

I am willing to testify that I think Osbert Sitwell could execute, not only with neatness and despatch but with peculiar dexterity and acuteness, the portrait of anybody with whom he had become acquainted. He is rich in quiet humor and is able to administer the *coup de grace* with enviable dexterity. Of all the Sitwells he seems to me by far to excel in his understanding of human nature and its many amusing manifestations.

Often encountering in the current magazines a poem by Margaret Emerson Bailey, one began to realize that here was an accomplished versifier with spontaneous ideas of considerable originality. Now a book of her collected poems, with a frontispiece drawing by her brother, Whitman Bailey, comes from Putnam under the title of "White Christmas." It is full of interesting apothegms. Miss Bailey's point of view is always her own, and if her elucidation of it is not always as salient as one feels it might be, her work is the work of an individual with characteristics distinct from those of her contemporaries. She understands the ways of human beings, and also those of animals; but her most personal poems present facets of a detached philosophy. In her first poem she desires to be close to earth, yet "the snake that parts the grass" excites in her a musing on a kind of mystical higher mathematics; while, by contrast, "Wise Man's Holiday" would convince us of the emptiness of the ways of the intellect when confronted with natural beauty. These two poems are two of her best. They will not be the most popular. Poems like "Requiem" and "Hard Teaching" will be that. These are also good in their kind, though they come a bit too pat; and I should rather myself listen to the attempt to bribe Saint Anthony of Padua, which contains the profound in the casual. Erosion of rocks in terms of long division and the seeing of meadows inset "With single elms for capitals" are mental diversions for Miss Bailey. But beyond this presentation of natural sights in unexpected translation, there is solid ground to her work, the salt of New England homily, the saving grace of humor. Not as one of her very best, but as a memorable short poem I quote "Dead Language":

Romance now is a dead language
We spoke long ago.
Since it has become archaic,
Let us use it so
That the lovely words seem coolings
From a lava flow,
Each averted like the profile
Of a cameo

Charles Asbury Stevens, whose stories of the Maine woods delighted a generation of boys when they appeared in the *Youth's Companion* some thirty years ago, died recently.

FELIX RIESENBERG
author of "East Side, West Side",
writes a *different* sort of novel.

ENDLESS RIVER

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Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw

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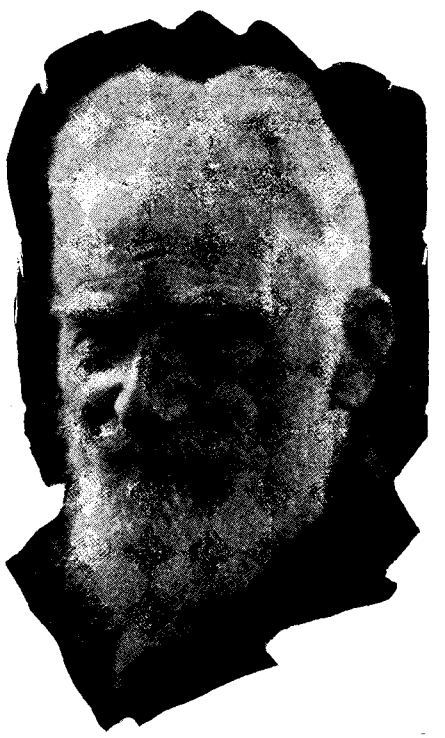
***Edited by* CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN • *With a Preface by* BERNARD SHAW**

- G.B.S. to E.T. Some day, when you have two hours to spare you must let me read Candida to you. You will find me a disagreeably cruel-looking, middle-aged Irishman with a red beard; but that cannot be helped.
- E.T. to G.B.S. Of course, there's kissing and kissing. I'm a very "kissing" person; but some girls kiss "in conservatories." I never could have done that. Very many women kiss two men at the same time. Pigs!
- G.B.S. to E.T. Up to the time I was 29, actually twenty-nine, I was too shabby for any woman to tolerate me. I stalked about in a decaying green coat, cuffs trimmed with the scissors, terrible boots, and so on. Then I got a job to do and bought a suit of clothes with the proceeds. A lady immediately invited me to tea, threw her arms round me, and said she adored me. I permitted her to adore, being intensely curious on the subject.
- E.T. to G.B.S. You *are* in the blues! You are only a boy. 40 is nothing when it's Irish. Be strong. Don't waste your time on any woman. Work. Shake the world, you stupid (darling).
- G.B.S. to E.T. My blessed darling Ellen, for such were the feelings that rushed over me when you appeared, willow slender, on the roof the other day. Why do I make you nervous? I know you make *me* nervous. It is because people are looking on, and the way I want to and ought to behave would be ridiculous and indecorous. But meet me by moonlight alone;—and—my word!—you shall see.



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The Gossip Shop

By Rachel Field

THIS year we almost got to Sandy Cove in Nova Scotia. It isn't far as the crow, or rather the sea-gull, flies, and only the Bay of Fundy, and some couple of hundred miles of Maine and Canada lie between this island and the scene of Alice Dalgliesh's new book, "The Blue Teapot and Other Sandy Cove Stories." We did want to see for ourselves the house where Miss Letty lived who bought the blue terpot and then had to adopt twins because it was too big for her to use all by herself, and the old wharves that Zebedee haunted, and Miss Dalgliesh's own little house named "Roundabout" partly from an old quilt pattern and partly because at high tide the water comes so close you have to walk roundabout the other side to get to the village. Well, we're going next year, no matter what. Meantime we'll have to content ourselves with the Sandy Cove of the author and her illustrator, Hildegard Woodward, and the Macmillan Company, publishers, at two dollars a copy.

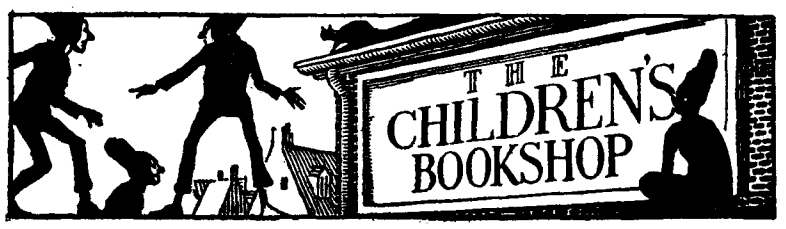
Another *almost* of this summer was a visit from Louise Seaman. But she was too busy getting out the Macmillan Juvenile Books and a perfectly splendid Fall Catalogue, and then, too far away in August seeing Ireland. However, we did manage to have Helen Dean Fish and Emily Street of the F. A. Stokes Company here under our roof, and we met Dorothy P. Lathrop somewhere along the road between Damariscotta and New Harbor. Now she writes us from her Albany studio that she has embarked on a series of Doll Portraits. Authentic studies, mind you, and we feel it was only right and proper that "Hitty" should be her first model in the original brown figured calico, now worn to shreds from her many junketings, all but the china button which seems to be made of as enduring stuff as her mountain-ash wood self. No doubt when word of the doll series gets abroad Miss Lathrop will be innundated with all manner of china, wax, and wooden applicants. We are selfish enough to hope she will want to do our own china Empress Eugénie, and bisque Emily Roxanna. But of course there is the lovely waxen Patricia of Newburyport. We met her in person this August in the studio of her owner, Laura Hills, whose miniatures and flower pastels have long been our special delight.

To go back to Dorothy P. Lathrop, we are so interested in the future that we almost forgot to mention the present—in other words, her illustrations for the Walter de la Mare stories, "The Dutch Cheese," published by Knopf, and Marion Fiery's children's department. Then there is the long awaited "Fairy Circus" from her own pen and brush and typewriter ribbon. In other words, she did it all—words, too, this time, and these are every bit as good as her pictures—which is more than can be said of some artists, naming no names, of course. We can hardly wait for our copy.

A mid-summer letter from Anne Carroll Moore told of her trip to far parts—to the State of Utah to be exact, and that seems pretty far away from a Maine coast cottage. A third "Three Owls" book should be out soon, being another collection culled from the many unusual articles, poems, and book reviews that appeared on the late "Three Owls" page of the *Herald Tribune* "*Books*." Coward-McCann are the publishers.

Longmans, Green announce through their Fall Catalogue and Bertha Gunterman that Laura Adams Armer is the prize-winner in their annual Juvenile Fiction Contest, the same that Charles Finger won before. The new book is "Waterless Mountain," a present-day story of a Navaho Indian boy and the eight years of his training to take his place in the ancient tribe. The author is already well known in the southwest for the many copies of sand paintings she has made for the Rockefeller Museum at Santa Fé. Oliver La Farge, author of "Laughing Boy," has written a foreword. The illustrations would seem to be as authentic as the text, to judge from samples.

Even as we write we hear echoes of "Pinafore and Pantalettes" being read aloud to young visitors in the family living room. Elizabeth Bevier of Harcourt, Brace sent us an advance copy because she knew we were friends of the authors and artists, Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. They are ***both*** the authors and the artists, and we ought to know, having seen them hard at it all last winter, and what with their dog and our dog using the same backyard from October to June. The book is even better than we expected it to be from advance glimpses. Any grandmother, grandfather, great-aunt, or cousin who lived in old New York just after Civil War time will take it for his or her own at once. So much of



it is true—incidents treasured and handed down in the authors' families; the atmosphere is so well managed, and the children so real, that we are tempted to leave our typewriter and go in to listen to it again. Our favorite chapter is the one when three little girls rip up their mother's best black silk dress in order that their house shall put on proper mourning for President Lincoln. The pictures are delightful down to the minutest detail, and the children really look like the ones in family daguerreotypes, not like modern youngsters dressed up for a masquerade.

From Harcourt, Brace also came "The Truce of the Wolf" and other stories of old Italy in Mary Gould Davis's own version, with unusual black and white decorations by Jay Van Everan. It was pleasant to find several tales that we heard Miss Davis tell to groups at the New York Public Library. It is out this week and costs two dollars. And then in the same package was "The Stuffed Parrot," by Parker Fillmore, a charming book about a modern little girl and a pet bird and a series of strange adventures, dedicated to his daughter, Miss Rose Fillmore. We always wanted some one to dedicate a book to us when we were little, but that's as near as we have ever come to it.

We might as well own to a weakness for dogs and dog stories. Everybody who knows us knows that already, and so it was natural that we had an advance copy of "Scalawag" from the Stokes Company. They claimed on the jacket that it was "a real treasure of modern French child-literature" and that made us a little critical right at the start. But we gave that up after the story got under way. In fact we had about succumbed after looking at the droll and delightful colored frontispiece and jacket by Morgan Dennis, so well known for his dog studies. We are so glad he made the puppy look like a Scotch terrier, that also being a weakness of ours. The story is charmingly told and full of humor and canine insight from the first pages where the puppy is carried home from the butcher shop where he was born with his absurd legs sticking through Madame Peluchon's mesh shopping bag. "Scalawag," we forgot to say, is by Aimé Rebald. Frederick Hoppin has done the translation.

And then there is "Boochy," the small pickaninny boy of Annie Vaughan Weaver's "Boochy's Wings." It is, like her earlier book of Negro children, "Frawg," on a cotton plantation. We liked this almost as much as its predecessor, which isn't often the case. Only we didn't like the part about the children eating "Po' Little Bit," the chicken, in a pie and then carefully burying the bones when the accident was discovered. We never have liked things like that in books. We didn't when we were little, and we don't now. The last chapter where the little boy is rescued from the flood by airplane, is one of the nicest bits in the book, and the author's own crude, humorous little pictures are in just the right mood for it all.

Sometime we should like to see a prize offered for the best book of children's poetry issued during the year. Our guess is that there would be a good many seasons when such a prize would go begging. This Fall, however, we would like to recommend Winifred Welles's "Skipping Along Alone," for here are verses lovely enough to go on the same shelf with Christina Rossetti's "Sing Song," De la Mare's "Peacock Pie," and some of William Allingham. Miss Welles has already made her name as a writer of adult lyrics of unusual beauty. These, in a different mood, have all her delicate imaginings and skill at metre and rhyme. Some, we understand, were directly inspired by her own small boy's growing mind and legs, but here is nothing of the doting parent, nor the grown-up examining youth through a magnifying glass. We quote from one about a street musician:

Lean out the window; down the street
There's lovely music flowing. . . .
Leap down the stair, the doorstep, run
Along the sidewalk in the sun
To smile upon that trudging one,
Tugging at his accordion.

This is a Macmillan book, as is also Margery Bianco's little tale of "The House that Grew Smaller." Mrs. Bianco, mother of the gifted Pamela, and author of the much cherished "Velveteen Rabbit" and "Little Wooden Doll," writes with the charm and quality of prose that one finds seldom outside of Hans Andersen and the old folk-tales, but she writes of here and now, and familiar scenes in this story for rather youngish readers. We don't think so much of the pictures for it, but then why should we? We made them.

Reviews

ODYSSEUS, SAGE OF GREECE. By Alan Lake Chidsey. Decorations by Lois Lenski. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. A. Robinson, Jr.
Brown University

BIBLE stories and Greek myths will, I suppose, always be favorites with children. This is not only natural but fortunate, for they are educational as well as entertaining. I like particularly Mr. Chidsey's "Odysseus," for the author has succeeded in bringing together a good deal of additional information, not strictly required by the story he is telling. Reference to Jason and the Argonauts, for example, occurs at the very beginning of the book, and thus, in one way or another, the youthful reader learns of much besides Odysseus.

The choice of Odysseus as the hero of a child's book is excellent, since it gives the author the opportunity to tell about the "Iliad" as well as the "Odyssey." This means that not only are many heroes, events, and pretty stories met with, but also a considerable amount of geography can be learned in passing. It should also be pointed out that archæologists have, within the past few years, added tremendously to our knowledge of the Heroic Age of Greece. We now know indeed that the Trojan War is a historical event. Archæology, in which adults continue to show an increasing interest, is deftly added by Mr. Chidsey to geography (which unfortunately only children study). The observant child will like the map and the black and white drawings of Lois Lenski. For these reasons and also of course because Mr. Chidsey has told his tale in an interesting manner, the book is at once a valuable addition to any child's library and a good preparation for the inevitable graduation (it is hoped) to Palmer's "Odyssey."

LEARNING TO FLY FOR THE NAVY. By Barrett Studley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.

CRUISERS OF THE AIR. By C. J. Hylander. The same. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. Morris Longstreth

LIEUTENANT STUDLEY is Chief Instructor of the Naval Air Station in Florida, and he issues in this book an interesting invitation. He asks you down to Pensacola with young Ensign Brent who is to take the course. If you go, you find out why an airplane flies. You get into the rear cockpit with Jim and learn the feel of the air. On the first instruction flight, you are taught the use of the controls. Take-offs are not so hard to master, but landings are tedious. Slips and skids have to be worked on, and even taxying isn't the cinch it looks. As confidence comes, you learn spirals and what to do with stalls and spins. Your first solo is a trifle nerve-wracking, but you are doing flipper turns soon and loops and formation flying. The emergencies are worst of all—bad enough even in an arm-chair—but you pass and, with Jim, get your gold wings. For two dollars, you have mastered the fundamentals of flying. It's worth it. The book is astonishingly clear, concise, and entertaining. It is hard to imagine a more lucid presentation, and there is just enough story to give the pages warmth. If you are young and are going to fly, here is the way in; if you are old, here are the sensations and the technique, and no longer need you feel left out.

In "Cruisers of the Air" the story of the lighter-than-air craft is brought down from the days of Roger Bacon, who thought in 1250 that flying wasn't so impossible after all, to the latest airships. The balloon chapters will be informative for most readers; the evolution from balloon into dirigible is seen as nearly straight. And if there is nothing new to the reader in the pages on dirigibles, he must have built one. Interspersed between the theories and the mathematics are descriptions of famous flights. The final chapter constructs the latest product of the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation before one's eyes. The handbook is illustrated with eighty drawings and photographs.

LITTLE PEAR. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. New York: Harcourt, Brace. & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by Louise W. Hackney

TO go a-travelling is said to be one of the most broadening of experiences; to make foreign friends between the covers of a book is scarcely less broadening. Eleanor Frances Lattimore, who was born in China and is thoroughly conversant with the joys and sorrows of its child life, introduces us to a most winsome little Chinese boy of five. We follow him through the familiar daily round of his life in his father's compound, where he lives with his father and mother and two little sisters. We learn what he has to eat and wear, how he sleeps on top of a big brick stove, what toys he has to play with.

It is a simple little story of the ordinary adventures of a Chinese village child as he roams about learning to take care of himself, and gives a very good picture of the tenderness and love with which all Chinese children are treated. The dialogue is a little stiff and unchildlike at times, and I personally wish that it had followed a little more closely the quaint, colorful speech of the Chinese with its poetic twists.

The illustrations are by the author and are deserving of special notice. They are very numerous, almost one to every page, and give delightful, humorous touches to the somewhat staid text, which brings out little of the keen sense of humor so characteristic of the Chinese. They are done in line drawings in the Chinese manner, and together with the large clear type and the gay binding in Chinese red and yellow, make an attractive book for little folks between the ages of four and six.

BUNNY, HOUND AND CLOWN. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gordon G. Hill

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI, as author of many children's books as well as in his books for adults, has devoted himself to the task of interpreting Indian life and Indian ideals to American readers. It is a task which he takes very seriously. He has reiterated his belief that Indian culture has a definite contribution to make to our Western civilization and in all his books has sought to indicate the nature of that contribution. In the introduction to "Bunny, Hound and Clown," he again explains his purpose and also states the conviction that underlies his story-telling to children:

> In the meantime, let me repeat that behind each one of my books the reader will discover a moral. I believe that there is no point in writing for the young, if one has no ethical convictions to set before them. We, their elders, must sincerely express our conclusions both moral and spiritual before the young. To examine and appreciate our ideals is one of their rights. . . .

This book, designed for children between the ages of six and ten and illustrated by Kurt Wiese, contains eleven stories. Many of them are very old and have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation in India. Although they are stories meant not merely to amuse but to "teach the wise conduct of life," Mr. Mukerji's avowed ethical message does not assume the form of preachiness. If the moral of each tale is usually clearly stated it does naturally grow out of the story and is not tacked on or superimposed. Three of the tales give the book its title. "The Dog of Paradise" is a story of loyalty tried and rewarded; "Holy Man and Frightened Bunny" tells how a rabbit learned to conquer fear; "The Clown of Heaven" was transported there because in his earthly existence he had learned indifference and superiority to applause and derision. In other stories the undesirability of greed, conceit, stupidity, and deceit are illustrated, generally by making the possessors of those traits appear exceedingly ridiculous. Nevertheless, the mistake of sacrificing story interest to point a moral is never made. As a collection of stories about dogs and cats, rabbits, monkeys, tigers, flies, kings and clowns, the book will appeal to children. On the other hand, although the precepts behind some of these stories may be readily grasped by them, one suspects that the children for whom the book is intended will have to grow much older before they can understand the implications of others.

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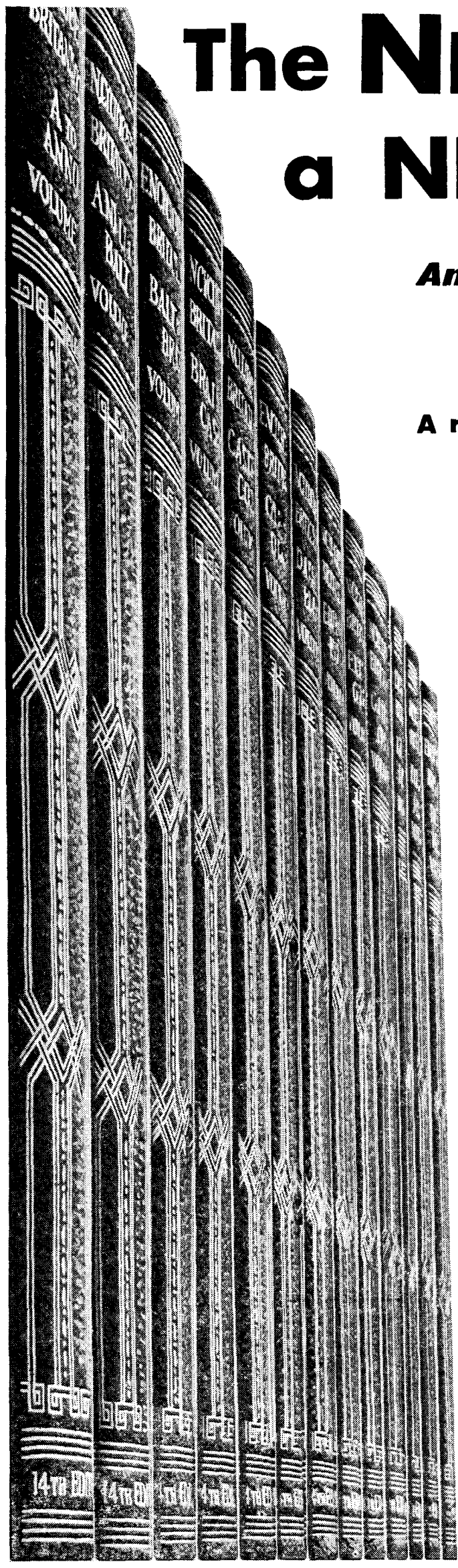

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Preface to a Bibliography

By WILLIAM MCFEE

Mr. James T. Babb has compiled a bibliography of William McFee, to be published next week in a limited edition by Doubleday, Doran & Company. Mr. McFee has contributed specific memoranda on the circumstances of his various books, and also a brilliantly provocative introduction. A portion of this latter we are privileged to print here in advance of book publication, by courtesy of Mr. Babb, Mr. McFee, and Doubleday, Doran & Company.

—THE EDITOR.

THE subject of the following bibliography has never suffered from delusions of grandeur. He has certain reticences which he preserved successfully even as a very junior engineer on a tramp steamer. He feels very sharply the disrepute literature falls into at the hands of certain flatulent practitioners of today. He believes authorship is a profession, a craft, and an art, and he has no patience with the dimwits who think that illiterate girls who have had an illegitimate baby, or convicts who have held up a bank, are suitable substitutes for Maupassant or Daniel Defoe. He has numerous hates and loves, and he enjoys the honor the profession of letters commands in the United States as compared with his native England, where writing is much less esteemed than a knowledge of horses and dogs. But none of these cranky prejudices and convictions can lure him into believing that an author is entitled to take precedence over architects and surgeons, over painters and bridge builders. He feels, in short, that Anatole France set the most perfect example for authors to follow as to deportment. A faintly ironical attitude and perfect good humor are indispensable when one is a collected author. It follows, therefore, that the ideal bibliographer must cultivate a diplomatic suavity to meet such an attitude and humor.

Interpolated among the minutiæ of the various editions I have contributed some pages which are intended to make the origins of these items less obscure. If anyone condemn such confessions as vainglorious, he is welcome to the feeling of superiority such a judgment no doubt carries with it. For my part I believe that the only dependable data for the young who are ambitious to write is to be found in such autobiographical notes. One of the curses of the United States, in which I am informed over ninety per cent of college students cherish designs on the publishers, is the commercialized "school of authorship" which trades unscrupulously upon the faith of the public that anything, even the writing of novels, may be taught by mail. So-called "universities" advertise courses "in short-story writing and the structure of the novel," failing utterly to give us a list of famous authors who have graduated from their classrooms. After at least two decades these gentry are still going strong, appealing to the cupidity of the farm hands who want to contribute to the *Saturday Evening Post* and the mid-Western college girls who want to write enormous novels like Mr. Dreiser. And for some mysterious reason neither the publishers nor the authors of America, Mr. Ring Lardner excepted, have the courage to denounce and deride them for the impostors they know them to be.

Instead of solemn nonsense upon the structure of the novel or the art of the short story, I am therefore offering, at any auspicious moment, such notes as will be found scattered through these pages. I myself find such observations, by my admired authors, of the very highest value in inspiration. The same profit may be derived from criticism and reviews by a practising novelist, provided that he has the necessary critical background. When an author like Anatole France, Joseph Conrad, or W. D. Howells reviews a book, he reveals his own attitude and credo in every line. The part becomes greater than the whole. Reviewing is one of the most poorly paid departments of literature, but so far as I have been able to judge it is paid as well as it generally deserves. It is very badly done in most cases. The reviewers, even when they are not college professors or all-round newspaper men, reveal the poverty of their critical equipment all too nakedly. They are taken in by the most trivial plagiarisms and carried away by literary devices that were old in my childhood. Their opinions have neither breadth nor depth. Instead of riding easily upon the great swell of the world's literature, they are unable to leave their home port. But when gentlemen of the calibre of Alexander Woolcott, Corey Ford, or Harry Hansen, each in his own excellent manner, take to book reviewing, they are very well paid for their labors, and they augment the gaiety of the nation. Reviewing, in short, is an art as much as the writing of novels or short stories. Often the review is a better job, so far as wit and philosophy go, than the book reviewed. I make no bones about confessing that, in spite of its meagre remuneration, I take reviewing with the most serious enthusiasm. The sport of it transcends all the field games of my knowledge. It combines the thrills of prospecting for a mine with the solemn joy of discovering a masterpiece in a junk pile. The reader must not understand by this that I refer to the masterpieces of the advertising columns. Much of the sport consists of puncturing the publisher's complacency and revealing his blatant misuse of adjective. The genuine reviewer seizes upon the twaddle written by some blatherskite on the jacket flap and turns it inside out. It is my custom to write such announcements for my own books myself, or at any rate edit them. I have been driven to this course because advertising copywriters, when left alone with a book, develop a peculiar madness. Intellectually they are next of kin to the dervishes who write motion picture subtitles.

There is another aspect of book reviewing which has always appealed to me, and that is the critical observation of our eminent mandarins and grand moguls when they publish a new and (according to their publishers) deathless masterpiece. It is a singularly keen pleasure to show one's public Mr. Dreiser, for example, making a ponderous ass of himself over feminine psychology, or Rebecca West offering Freudian puppets in place of authentic human beings. Bright children like Carl Van Vechten or George Jean Nathan are unable to avoid exposing their technique to a professional writer who happens to be reviewing them. One gets a pleasurable thrill out of watching Mr. Hergesheimer moving vaguely about under the heavy panoply of his enormous style, beneath which we discover less and less every year. And the great panjandrums of English fiction are found to be living largely on their past achievements.

Quick turnover of genius is not to be expected. Philosophy of a very genuine sort is needed in book reviewing. It is believed by young writers that reviewers take a savage and malicious pleasure in tearing into a new book, ripping it apart, and strewing the fragments about the arena. On the contrary, it brings a splendid uplifting of one's spirit to discover a new note, a fresh story, a novel viewpoint. To discover an author like Stella Benson, for example, restores one's belief in the creative faculty. When I myself began to review the "Seven Months and Seven Days" of Mr. Kaj Klitgaard, I could have shouted for joy. But when one has welcomed a new writer of undoubted quality, and his next book turns out to be mere sawdust and painted cloth, the mood of the reviewer is gloomy indeed. He feels that he has been let down. This happens from time to time, and the author imagines that he is the victim of spleen, influence, advertising appropriations, mental derangement, and prejudice. On the contrary, the reviewer is one of the most honest purveyors of opinion in our time. We often hear of theatrical managers becoming truculent over a review of a play and refusing to admit the offending critic. We do not hear of publishers withdrawing advertising because of an adverse criticism. We do not, and I wish we did, hear of authors challenging reviewers to single combat. (There are several authors whom I, as a critic, would like to meet in a secluded spot without any seconds, and they are all small men.) We do not hear of newspaper proprietors disciplining literary reviewers for drastic criticism. Newspaper proprietors are probably unaware of their reviewers' existence. I do not say these facts point to an unerring shrewdness and an incorruptible ethic on the part of the reviewers. I feel at times that many of them temper the wind to the shorn lamb with a view to becoming, some day, judges on a book-club bench. Some yearn to be broadcasters and speak feelingly of the immense influence such a position wields in shaping the destinies of a nation's books. In other words, these gentlemen take care to offend nobody, save an occasional unknown author, because they hope to enter the advertising field, where they probably belong. I am far from depreciating the modern radio broadcast as an advertising scheme to sell books. But until the radio begins to blare forth an uncompromising flagellation of a bad book by a famous author, and emancipates itself from the manufacturers of shoe polish, dentifrices, and internal remedies, I shall keep my finger on my nose while listening to its votaries, and devote my own energies to the written review.

Eventually, of course, the printed word, which the author and publisher must stand by, will retrieve its old position of authority and permanence. Literature is suffering at present from the national disease of quantity production. Publishers try hard to preserve some semblance of sanity during the present megalomania, but they are beginning to cherish a faith in numbers. They are beginning to feel that a book selling a million copies simply must be fundamentally better than one selling ten thousand copies. I am personally unable to see how they are going to believe anything else. I have no quarrel with the American gospel of size. My quarrel is exclusively with the muddled mentality which insists that a thing can be big and small at the same time, which claims for big business the virtues of small business, and which offers a machine-made article as the unique product of a personal craftsman. I have other quarrels with publishers, but they are trivial and irrelevant compared with this dangerous confusion between the business of manufacturing a domestic article and the business of publishing American literature.

❧ ❧

Readers will find a further expression of opinion on reviewing by Mr. McFee on page 174.

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An Adventure Story

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Wild Life in the Blue Mountain Forest

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Mr. Baynes tells here of wild life as he saw it in the Corbin game preserve, in the Sunapee lake region of New Hampshire. $2.00

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

NELSON. By CLENNELL WILKINSON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $3.50.

"Nelson should be written about freely and often. . . . . He should be a favorite subject with English writers, even if they are aware (as I am) that they can make no new contribution to history. He should be written about for modern readers in the modern way. He should not be taken too seriously." Thus Mr. Wilkinson gives his reasons for writing this new biography, and, for the most part, he has succeeded in his undertaking. At least, he has made his book short, explicit, and eminently readable.

The great defect of the "modern way" is a certain cheapness, a kind of journalistic shoddiness where the sophomoric phrase is likely in the end to exasperate the sensitive reader. Even Mr. Strachey with all his urbanity sometimes sins. And the author of this book, who does not possess the brilliance of the master, frequently drops a style that is too laboriously smart. One is continually irritated by the verbal mannerisms, and yet the book as a whole leaves an impression that is healthy and clean. That it does so is a tribute to Mr. Wilkinson's skilful planning, to his laudable care that no aspect of his hero's life and personality should be exaggerated at the expense of another. It would have been easy (and, in accordance with the "modern way," perhaps natural) to play up the relationship with Lady Hamilton to such an extent that it alone would have occupied the major portion of the reader's attention. But Mr. Wilkinson sees perfectly well that Emma, important and interesting as she is, had little to do with the essential hero of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. She left her mark in various ways, and Mr. Wilkinson does his best to explain that mark with true modern conscientiousness, but Trafalgar would have been won just the same if Nelson had still been on good terms with his wife.

The Nelson here glorified is the little man who, in spite of physical disabilities, in spite of terrible odds against him, in spite, we may even say, of Lady Hamilton, by sheer force of genius and of a character that always inspired love among his followers, won almost incredible victories and saved England from her worst enemies. Of course, he was theatrical; Mr. Wilkinson is positively proud of his gallery stunts, and so was England herself in those Napoleonic days. That theatricality was the best of human touches; it endeared him to everybody. And if his latest biographer is for the twentieth century a little too ardent in his hero-worship, the hero, after all, is a remarkably good one.

Fiction

THE BLACK MASS. By PETER N. KRASSNOFF. Duffield & Green. 1931. $2.50.

The tragic yarn here offered in book form was originally one of the more lurid episodes in General Krassnoff's novel, "The White Coat." It tells of a young Russian emigré girl who, losing faith in her old religion as a result of the sufferings inflicted on Russia, turned to the worship of the powers of darkness and became the "betrothed of Satan." She took part in a "Black Mass" in which, lying naked on an altar, she became the center of a diabolical mumbo-jumbo ending in blackness and a general orgy. Awaking from the semi-trance into which she had been thrown by the head priest of the cult, the girl went down to the river and drowned herself.

The story is a curious mixture of morbid emigré psychology and General Krassnoff's honest and charming, if sometimes ingenuous affection for and idealization of the Russia of the old régime. Its implication is that the fate of Svetlana is only an isolated example, on foreign soil, of what is happening spiritually to the youth of Soviet Russia and that the "White Coats" will eventually crush the "power of the Devil" and bring old Russia to life again.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE. By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF. Minton, Balch. 1931. $2.

This story seems to have been intended for the theater, and would have been more effective there. It bears the unmistakable marks of a novelized play manuscript—the dialogue, far better than the narrative passages; the set scenes, with the character who should not hear a conversation repeatedly walking in on it unnoticed, and listening in ominous silence up-stage; and the explicit iteration (in a painfully pedestrian style) of things that most writers would not say, that they would feel quite safe in leaving to the inference even of the average reader. A writer of Mr. Wolff's experience would hardly have gone into all this unfortunate detail if he had not been pushing out a play manuscript to book length.

The central character (the only character, really, for the others are only pieces of machinery needed for the plot) is admirably realized and well done—a wholly selfish, predatory woman, with an astuteness and a charm which enable her to get away with it pretty well. A little overdrawn, perhaps, for plausibility if not for possibility; but that overemphasis would have gone well enough in the theater. It is the mechanics of the story, and the colorlessness of the minor characters, that rob it of the effect it would probably have had if Mr. Wolff had originally written it as a novel. The opening pages on the hard life of the heroine's husband, a writer of mystery stories continually bedevilled by editors and publishers for more of the sort of thing he hates to write, are a painfully accurate picture of certain aspects of the economics of literature. But these are professional secrets, that authors in mere prudence (and mere shame) might profitably hide from the profane.

Education

STEPS IN THE DARK. By MILTON MAYER and JOHN HOWE. Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Co. 1931. $2.50.

In his much-discussed book on university education, Dr. Flexner essentially clarified the concept of what should constitute the functions and scope of the modern university. He was criticized adversely for setting up an unreal definition and then demanding that existing universities comply therewith. The fact was that people had for years gone on discussing university education without ever once stopping to define what they meant by the words. Dr. Flexner was perfectly right in first drawing up a thesis of what university education should mean and then showing how far most American universities depart therefrom. The same process of definition should be attacked when we come to "science" and to "research." These days there is a great deal of loose talk about both by people who have defined neither. In fact this reviewer's fundamental objection to "Steps in the Dark" is not directed so much at the book *per se* as at the technique of exploitation which would lead the reader to believe that the book concerns itself with scientific research.

The Oxford Dictionary holds science to be "a branch of study which is concerned either with a connected body of demonstrated truths or with observed facts systematically classified and more or less colligated by being brought under general laws, and which includes trustworthy methods for the discovery of new truth within its own domain." Whether, in the awsome presence of a definition so august as this, as it is surely authoritative, we have any right whatever to regard a lie detector, a new method of dish washing, psychoanalyzing politics, and weighing human souls as "scientific" it seems more than reasonable to doubt. The publisher compares this book with de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters." The comparison is favorable to this book which is at least literate in style and relatively accurate in content. It lacks, however, the unity of "Microbe Hunters" which, however poorly prepared, did have a definite subject and stick to it. In spite of the at times really pleasing newspaper style of Mayer and Howe the diffuse nature of their subject matter somewhat perplexes the reader. As thankless a task as it is to make the statement, this reviewer can see no adequate reason for the publication of books like "Steps in the Dark." They represent neither elaborate research study which has served to accumulate in one place material that was so widely diffused as to be otherwise inaccessible, nor the preservation in book form of material which for its own literary or eduactional value should be so preserved. The book at least appears to be a hasty and somewhat expansive selection of Sunday supplement "science" stories which, while good enough for their original purpose no doubt, do not really bear repetition in book form.

(*Continued on page 177*)

Among the Better Books

the new book by Will James

Big-Enough

The story of a boy and a horse who grew up until they were "big enough for most anything." Graphically told and vividly illustrated by the author of "Smoky" and "Lone Cowboy."

There are 48 illustrations and the price is $2.50.

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by Elizabeth Willis

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Author of "Mind in the Making," etc.

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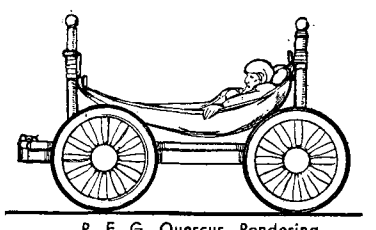

P. E. G. Quercus, Pondering
By courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons

OLD Quercus in his couch has pondered, how much courage it would take for a ginger-ale merchant to put out a bottle without that useless gilt foil on the neck. It has to be peeled off to keep it out of the refreshment, and it was only a pathetic Volsteadian attempt to imitate the old champagne bottle. Now, we learn secretly, the Hoffman boys, who make very good ginger ale indeed, have decided to junk the gilded flimsy; in a few more months watch all the others follow suit.

This is a good year for leaving off imitation gold foil in all its forms.

The Saturday Review never needed any gold foil. It never pretended to be other than it is: a fallible, erring, untimely, sometimes sardonic and frequently thrilling journal. It deals with books and the human agitations that create them. In the gallant phrase of a recent novelist, "It assumes intelligence on the part of the reader."

These annoying notices are written gratis by Old Quercus, the Danish demagogue, to satisfy his own conscience and remind you that a subscription to The Saturday Review ☛ (3½ fiscal mermaids) is the greatest compliment you can pay your friend or yourself.

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The Ancient Herdsman With His Flock Gave Us Our Word
Congregation

The symbolism so beautifully expressed in David's Twenty-third Psalm is fully justified by the origins of our words *congregation* and *pastor*.
The Latin word *grex, gregis* means "flock" or "herd" and is the basis for the word *congregare*, meaning "to collect into a flock." From this source comes the Latin word *congregatio*, and in turn, our own word *congregation*, which, therefore, goes back to the original meaning, "a flock of sheep." The word *pastor* carries out the same symbolism. Latin *pascere, pastum*, means "to pasture," "to feed." From this word comes Latin *pastor*, "a shepherd" or "one who has the care of flocks." The same word in English means "a keeper of souls" or "minister of a church." The two words, therefore, preserve the symbolism of the shepherd and his flock as applied to the pastor and his congregation.
Thousands of similar word stories are to be found in

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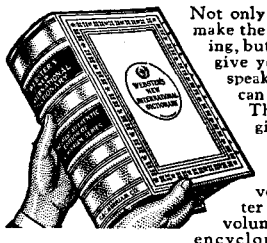

Not only do these word stories make the most interesting reading, but to know them will give you an effectiveness in speaking and writing that can come in no other way. The Merriam-Webster gives you the whole word power of the English language. It is a library in one volume, its type matter equivalent to a 15-volume encyclopedia. Its encyclopedic information makes it a general question answerer on all subjects. In its **2,700 pages** there are **452,000 entries**, including thousands of **new words, 12,000 biographical** entries, **32,000 geographical** subjects, **100** valuable **tables**, over **6,000 illustrations**.

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Points of View

Authors as Reviewers*

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Your correspondent in the issue of September 12th, J. Merritt Matthews, seems to have a resentment against authors, as such, writing reviews, although he nowhere gives any cogent reasons for this feeling. Perhaps a reviewer who is also an author, or an author who has the temerity to review books, may be permitted to make the matter clear.

In the first place, Mr. Matthews's thesis, that musical critics and artistic critics are not musicians and artists, is so absurdly out of line with the facts that I am surprised it did not strike Mr. Matthews as soon as he had set it down. From the time when modern art and music and literature can be said to have begun, the practising members of the arts have been critics of their particular art. I do not say that there is any necessary connection, and many artists have absolutely no powers of self-criticism to say nothing of any critical faculty. But when we think of Wagner writing large tomes of musical criticism and Sir Joshua Reynolds lecturing critically on art, and Macaulay writing reviews, the contention that artists should not be allowed to criticize will not hold water. Coming to our day I remember an artist, T. Sturge Moore, writing very remarkable essays of criticism. I regret exceedingly that my friend Guy Pene du Bois, a professional artist, has given up criticism. Until Thomas Craven began to write criticism there was little that a sane and intelligent person could understand in the stuff written about painting.

Coming to the actual business of criticizing books, does Mr. Matthews seriously argue that a man like Arnold Bennett was not equipped to review them, as he did every week in a London paper? Because Arthur Quiller Couch once wrote adventure stories of the Cornish coast for boys, is he therefore disqualified to write a critical essay on Shakespeare? Because E. M. Forster is a novelist of genius, are we to ignore his really masterly essays on authorship and his comments on books? Mr. Matthews says that "the author's job is one of literary construction, and he employs a certain technique." True, oh king; and that is precisely the case with the reviewer if he knows his job. He uses literary construction. His review, if it be worth anything, has to evolve in his mind according to his regular technique. He has to read the book, and think about it, and then the review shapes itself in his mind. Mr. Matthews may argue that an author writing a review will be swayed by his own predilections and prejudices and training and ancestral twists. And does Mr. Matthews imagine that his "professional reviewers" are any less subject to those human attributes? Mr. Matthews says that the chief thing for a reviewer to tell him is, "Is the book worth while?" True again; but how are we to know what Mr. Matthews considers worth while? I, for instance, reckon Proust and Joyce and Gide very much worth while. But my friend and neighbor, who shall be nameless, but who makes his many thousands a year writing cheerful stories for the popular magazines, thinks those writers just plain bunk. All I can do is to appreciate the books I read and convey my appreciation in intelligible words. Whether the book is worth while depends on my reader.

I quite agree with Mr. Matthews when he objects to the reviewers who waste a column telling us their own opinions, often quite irrelevant and tedious. But authors are no more delinquent in this than anyone else. Some authors have made a sideline or a specialty of reviewing. Just what Mr. Matthews means by "the professional reviewer" is not clear. He will find very few men or women who do nothing else but review, and it would not be a good thing if all reviewing were done by them alone.

I suggest that Mr. Matthews quit worrying whether his reviews are done by a practising author or by a "professional reviewer." Let him judge his reviews on their merits. Let him turn back to some of the reviews the public had to read, say, fifteen years ago. He will find he is being pretty well served today.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

Westport, Conn.

On Quoting Dryden

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Whereas John Dryden wrote in the "Defense of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy" (1668) that delight is "the chief, if not the only end of poesy: instruction can be admitted but in the second place," still I do not think this should be taken as marking a change in Dryden's view, nor his final opinion on the subject. Furthermore, I do not feel that the conception of a moral purpose in all poetry died with this statement, so that thereafter delight became the chief end. Professor Berdan's pleasantly written review of "Boccaccio on Poetry" (September 12) clearly gives this impression, however.

He writes:

> It must be remembered that in this conception of literature [literature as moral allegory], obscurity is an asset; it is a veil that hides the moral instruction only from the inexpert. This is what Sidney means by "with this end to teach and to delight." Spenser constructs a vast moral allegory in the "Faerie Queene," and Milton puts on record his admiration for the moral teaching of it. Dryden, three hundred years after Boccaccio, affirms that poetry, at least dramatic poetry, exists "for the delight and instruction of mankind." Bocacccio's hare has run a long course.
>
> Unfortunately at this point the hare has almost run its course. The following year, 1668, even Dryden weakened and confessed that "delight is the chief, if not the only end of poesie: instruction can be admitted but in the second place." From then on, teaching, instead of being considered as the primary end of the writer and the main object of the reader, becomes a nebulous deduction. The old formula still persists, usually cited by moralists who would be horrified if they knew that its origin is in Boccaccio, but it has been so extended that it is unrecognizable.

In the first place, Dryden's remark is a solitary one, appearing in an essay that was in part a confession and apology for having stooped to the practice of pleasing the age. It is, furthermore, weakened by many later remarks that emphasize moral instruction greatly or at least place it again on the level where it stands in the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy."

If we turn to the "Defence" of the famous essay, we find that Dryden's opinion, instead of being critical conviction, is rather the result of expedient practice. Says he, to please (with rhyme in serious plays) may not be right, but it is practised. "For I confess my chief endeavors are to delight the age in which I live. If the humor of this be for low comedy, small accidents and raillery, I will force my genius to obey it." The essay becomes a brilliant apologia. Dryden regretted (more than once) having written chiefly to please.

But besides this, other remarks in outstanding essays support (without apology) his original opinion in the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy." They show, I believe, that he never materially changed his mind about the purpose of poetry, "the delight and instruction of mankind." He certainly never excludes instruction and often magnifies its importance. "Poets, while they imitate, instruct," he wrote in the dedication of the "Conquest of Granada" (1669). And also in the same place: "That kind of poesy, which excites to virtue the greatest men, is of greatest use to humankind." In the "Essay of Heroic Plays" prefixed to this same play, he defines heroic poetry (which he considered the greatest) to be "the most noble, the most pleasant, and the most instructive way of writing in verse." In the preface to "Tyrannic Love" (1668 or 1669) he shows clearly the supreme place he concedes to moral instruction. "I considered that pleasure was not the only end of poesy; and that even the instructions of morality were not so wholly the business of a poet, as that precepts and examples of piety were to be omitted." He is defending himself against charges of profaneness and irreligion, yet the weight of the words *even* and *not so wholly* can be felt. By his own word, the excellence of the moral drew him to write "All for Love" (1678). "Absolom and Achitophel" (1681) he wrote to amend vices by correction, his definition of the purpose of all satire. And in the year of his death he selected for his "Fables" such "as contain in each of them some instructive moral." Then follows, in the great preface, his apology for *ever having done otherwise.* "I wish I could affirm, with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned that, supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain anything which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, *Versus inopes rerum, nuguaeque canorae.*"

It was not Dryden's nature to be strongly partisan. He often steered a middle course. To some he is still the grand example in English literature of a trimmer. To the embarrassment of us all, he changed his mind on many occasions, stood on both sides of a single question. A remark of his may be significant. It may not—alone. The sum of his remarks on this point indicate that he always considered poetry an art in which nature was imitated for *both* the delight and instruction of mankind. Boccaccio's formula was still fitting for him, as it was for Sidney and Spenser, though at times, through custom and necessity, he weighted it on the side of delight.

WILLARD HALLAM BONNER.

University of Buffalo.

*For further light on Mr. McFee's point of view see his "Preface to a Bibliography" on page 172 of this issue.

Contemporary Criticism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

There have come to the attention of the writer, simultaneously, two Thoreau items. One appeared under "Points of View" in the *Saturday Review* of August 29; the other is an odd schoolgirl recollection.

The "recollections" are written in pencil on four front end papers of an imperfect copy of Thoreau's "Excursions," published by James R. Osgood & Company, Boston, 1875, and printed at the University Press, Cambridge. On the front cover is a bookplate bearing the information that the volume was "Presented / to the / Progressive Temperance Union / by H. M. & Co. / Feb. 22, 1881." The "recollections" are signed but not dated. In the following copy the spelling, and especially the punctuation, are retained. As to "which was the better man," Thoreau or Emerson, the opinion of Thoreau's mother is decisive. The author's chronology does not agree with that in "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals," as instance the time spent at Walden, 1845-47, which includes the night in jail, 1846, and the relation of these dates to Brother John's death, 1842. Nor does "David Henry" conform.

Though the faulty "recollections" impair its value, perhaps the opinion of the lady as to Thoreau's personal appearance, which is not complimentary, will be of interest. The opening remark, "Now about Thoreau," is delightfully offhand.

"Now about Thoreau—'My Henry' as his mother used to call him. I never imagined anything great could be said of him. Mr. Thoreau and his wife were devoted Christians, and intellectual; but when I first knew them they were poor. The four children all grown up, as I a school girl remember them, were finely educated, and in sympathy with reforms: 'Comeouters' strong abolitionists, and Christian workers. John was a teacher in the Academy, and was one of those saintly minded, clean young men that are seldom seen. He was a bright spot everywhere, the life of every gathering, and when he died suddenly by poison from the barber's razor the sun seemed to have gone out and the family's support was withdrawn. 'David Henry' after leaving college was eccentric and, did not like to, and so would not work. The opposite of John in every particular, he was a thin, insignificant, poorly dressed, careless looking young man, with thin, straight, shaggy hair and pale blue, watery looking eyes. After his brother's death the town demanded of him his own poll tax. He refused indignantly. 'He was a free man and would not pay a tax in a state that endorsed slavery'; and he spent one day in jail. Some friend paid it that year and set him free but lost 'David Henry's' friendship by the act. The next spring he was not to be found; he had gone to the woods near Walden Pond and had established himself in an unused charcoal burner's hut. Here in the solitude he became acquainted with himself and began to write. Emerson was a lover of those woods and many hours they spent together. Once after a lecture by Thoreau some one remarked how much like Emerson he had spoken; his mother overhearing replied—'Yes, Mr. Emerson is a perfect counterpart of my David Henry.' She almost worshiped him. 'David Henry' did not care whether he was decently clothed or not. The ladies of the Charitable society proposed to make him some cotton shirts, but thought it best, first to ask his mother if it would be agreeable to him. Dear Mrs. Thoreau at the next meeting said, 'I told my David Henry that you would like to make him some unbleached cotton shirts; he said "unbleached mother, unbleached Yes, that strikes my ears pleasantly; I think they may make me some." A practical farmer's wife with no sentiment said, in an aside, 'Strike his ears pleasantly, indeed I guess they will strike his back pleasantly when he gets them on.'"
—Priscilla Rice Edes.

J. ALBERT HOLMES.

Somerville, Mass.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by mail.

HERE comes advice from the log-cabin country for the reader who wants to build log cabins. E. H. B., Moha, British Columbia, writes:

H. S. L., Pioche, Nevada, who inquires in the issue of August first, would, I believe, receive much helpful information from "The Real Log Cabin" by Aldrich, and published, as I recall, by Macmillan. It sells for $4 and was published quite recently—1927 or 1928. Mr. Aldrich is an architect who became interested in log cabins, and, as a lover of the sort of life, lived in the "real" log cabin, he is particularly qualified to give sound and useful information regarding construction, etc. In one chapter he mentions the value of hand-made ironwork, not only for looks but for utility.

Although F. Tennyson Jesse was mentioned some time ago, I see that no one has sent in the name of "The Moonraker: or, The Female Pirate and Her Companions." This was published, I think, by Knopf several years ago, and I, for one, enjoyed it even more than the recent "Lacquer Lady." It (the "Moonraker") has all the zest and gusto and difference demanded by G. E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. W., Ithaca, N. Y., writes:

Concerning the query of *L. M., Muscatine, Iowa*, about books on the old cattle-brands of the West: In 1884 the Barber County Index, of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, published E. W. Payne's book entitled "South-Western Brand-Book, containing the Marks and Brands of the cattle and horse raisers of the south-western Kansas, the Indian Territory, and the Panhandle of Texas, for the Roundup of 1884." It is a well-printed book, about 4 inches by 7 inches; it contains 88 pages. It treats of cattle-brands, nothing else; each of several hundred brands is described and twice illustrated—the brand itself, and an animal properly branded. The only copy I know of is owned by the author's daughter. The book is probably out of print.

A. F. G., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes:

May I suggest as an addition to your list of books concerning life in an English boys' school, published in the August 22nd issue, Benson's "David Blaize?" I was interested to see that you included "The Sun in His Own House". I note on the cover your high praise of the "Son of John Winteringham." I have been recommending it to people whenever I thought they would appreciate it, but I am afraid it is over the head of the average public library reader. Personally I found it a real joy, as most of the current novels are so sloppy in style; perhaps I am unduly enthusiastic for that reason, but I have a feeling that Darcy may become a real classic.

I might have known that the Cleveland Public Library, whose favorite sport is omniscience, would know the name of that book on the Russian Theatre for which I was inquiring. *M. W. F., writes:*

The title is as you have remembered it, "The New Spirit in the Russian Theatre, 1917-28," with the additional title, "And a Sketch of the Russian Kinema and Radio 1919-28, Showing the New Communal Relationship between the Three." The author is Huntly Carter, the publisher, Brentano's Ltd., London, c1929; the price, 30 shillings.

And *E. A. F.*, of the department of Philosophy and Religion there, says:

May I add another title to your recommendations to E. W., Clifton Springs, New York, concerning Dean Inge (August 29th issue)? "Men and Movements in the Church," by F. A. Iremonger (Longmans, Green), contains a twelve-page interview with Dean Inge, which will doubtless be of interest to E. W."

"May I suggest," says *M. C. F.*, Augusta, Me., "that you add to your letter list the letters of Lafcadio Hearn, two volumes, and the 'Letters of Richard Harding Davis'? Both collections linger pleasantly in my mind, although I read them many years ago. The Hearn letters, edited by Elizabeth Bisland, are, I think, as interesting as any letters I have ever read. Of course, there is no end to the number of collections of letters. Do you know E. V. Lucas's compilations, 'The Gentlest Art,' and 'The Second Post'? Both are out of print, but the other day I was able to get a copy of 'The Second Post.' I had wanted it for twenty years, and I paid seventy-five cents for it!

M. L. L., Delaware, O., whose name is very Spanish indeed, says that any list leaving off Havelock Ellis's "Soul of Spain" from a collection of Spanish books commits the Unpardonable Sin. I have put it on mine in this column so often I thought its readers would take it for granted this time. He thinks I might well have left out George Wharton Edwards's "Spain," "whose colored plates may be good, but whose text is so unsympathetic toward the Spaniards that every time I am reminded of the book I feel actual physical pain." He adds also Professor Northorp's "Introduction to Spanish Literature" (University of Chicago) and the excellent and up-to-date "The Roads of Spain," by Charles F. Freeston (Humphrey Toulmin, London, 1930).

A BROOKLYN reader asked me during the summer if "Malaisie," by Henri Fauconnier, had been translated, and I could not say. I now know that Eric Sutton is translating it for Macmillan; it won the latest Goncourt Prize and has had a huge success in France.

M. E. P., Burlington, Vermont, needs a book to make the actual work and procedure of the League of Nations interesting to boys and girls from thirteen to seventeen.

"THE League of Nations," by H. W. Harris (Cape-Smith: sixty cents) gives essential facts in a brief and interesting account of how the League works. "Cease Firing," by Winifred Hulbert (Macmillan) is meant especially to interest young people; it is a collection of eight stories in which children of various countries are involved in conditions and problems relating to the work of the League; it gives its principles and possibilities through direct personal applications.

E. K., Middletown, N. Y., asks for books on Rome, both the ancient and the modern city.

UP to last week I should have told anyone to begin a collection of books on Rome with Grant Showerman's "Eternal Rome" (University of Chicago), and I keep it as a cornerstone, but I have been having so fine a time with Professor Showerman's "Rome and the Romans" (Macmillan) which has just left the press, that I would advise anyone to begin with it if he intends to keep on reading. This is the sort of social history in which I am myself most interested; it begins at the modern city, pauses there just long enough for the reader to get his bearings, and then brings up out of the past the ancient one, its buildings and what they were used for, its people and what they did, its religion, customs, professions—all that makes a city's and a nation's life, with the best photographs I have seen for this purpose. The reading-list at the close shows how to use "Eternal Rome" with it, and gives many other books. "Three Thousand Years of Rome," by Dunbar von Kalkreuth (Knopf), gives the history of which this reader is in search, all in one volume, translated from the German; it is of recent publication, and so is "Rome," by F. S. Burnell (Longmans, Green), a descriptive, historical, and legendary handbook that may be used for reference or as a guide-book. Another recent book that kept me reading straight through to the last word is G. Delayen's "Cicero" (Dutton); it may astonish some of us to hear that it is possible to make a book about Cicero both thrilling and reliable, but so it is; at last Tully has had his chance with the English-speaking reader, though he had to get it through the French. I see that Wells's "Short History of the Roman Empire" (Dial) and King's "The Rise of Rome" (Doubleday, Doran) are announced on the fall lists, but I have not seen them. G. K. Chesterton's "The Resurrection of Rome" (Dodd, Mead) is concerned with the rise of Fascist power and the creation of the Vatican State, in the light of his faith and philosophy. "In and About Rome," by Colin Coote (McBride), is a new travel and reading guide.

Of the making of these guides there has been no end: the best of them have survived for a long time, revised now and again. For instance, Edward Hutton's "Rome" (Macmillan), a standard work; André Maurel's practical advice on "A Month in Rome" (Putnam); the little "Things Seen in Rome" of A. G. Mackinnon (Dutton). "Rome of Today and Yesterday," by John Dennie (Putnam) was brought out four years ago in its fifth edition, for tourists, with maps and illustrations. "So You're Going to Rome," by Clara E. Laughlin (Houghton Mifflin), is of course a prime favorite. "Rome," by George Wharton Edwards (Penn), is a recent addition to his large-sized volumes illustrated with his own color studies. Returning to the histories, one of the best of the popular historical surveys is "Ave Roma Immortalis," by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan), which continues to hold favor as it has for many years. In the admirable series "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" is a volume "Ancient and Modern Rome," by Senatore Rodolfo Lanciani (Longmans, Green), of decided value and interest. And to round out what is, as students of this subject will at once notice, but a small part of what might be recommended, there is the "Companion to Latin Studies," edited by Sir John Sandys, a Cambridge University Press (Macmillan) college text including every subject needed for a background of understanding, with many illustrations, making a one-volume encyclopedia.

E. H. P., Linglestown, Pa., asks where one may obtain the latest edition of the works of Du Bartas, the Huguenot poet of the late sixteenth century. He is interested particularly in the original French of his "Semaine" and "Seconde Semaine."

THIS I must refer to scholars who support the reputation of this column; I hope they send in something about him, for I have had a certain interest in Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas (1544-1590) ever since I read (as not so many American patriots have) the works of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, known in all our literary histories as the "Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America." When I was writing the article on American Literature for Weedon's (Modern) Encyclopedia (Weedon Co., Cleveland)—the first two volumes are just out, and, owing to the alphabet, this article is in the first—I gave myself the rich experience of reading our Colonial literature in its original form at the British Museum, and spent most of the summer last year at it. In the course of this I added to myself two treasures hitherto known only by hearsay, Cotton Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana" (all I knew of it before was the effect it had on the people in Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks") and the shorter poems of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, which seem to me to have been unjustly "patronized." Finding that she was called "a right Du Bartas girl" and that she herself declared him a great poet, I tried my best to get through the long didactic poems that she based on his works, but it was really no go. I should like to read the English translation of the poet whose fame eclipsed Milton's with the Puritans, and some day I may ask the custodians of rare old books at the Forty-second Street Library for "Du Bartas: his diuine weekes, and workes," translated by Joshua Sylvester; they have it in the edition published by R. Young, London, in 1633. And that is the latest edition I know about.

M. H., Troy, N. Y., needs games to be used in the latter part of the evening at a girls' club.

THE stand-by on such occasions is "Ice-Breakers," by Edna Geister (Woman's Press). The Girl Scouts have a handbook with some original and amusing games, too; they make a specialty of such entertainment.

E. J., Memphis, Tenn., asks for the more recent books on mental hygiene, psychology, psychoanalysis, and the like. "Psychopathology," by J. E. Nicole (Dodd), is a survey of all contemporary methods. "Freud and His Time," edited by Franz Wittels (Liveright), is a volume prepared in commemoration of his seventy-fifth birthday. "Sin and the new Psychology," by C. E. Barbour (Abingdon Press) and "Body, Mind, and Spirit," by Worcester and McComb (Marshall Jones), are concerned with psycotherapy in the field of religion. "Psychopathology and Politics," by H. D. Lasswell (University of Chicago), applies psychology to political science. "Physique and Intellect," by D. G. Paterson (Century), upsets some previous popular convictions, such as that the shape of the head gives indication of the intellect. "Piloting Your Life," by Joseph Jastrow (Greenberg), is a companion volume to his popular manual "Keeping Mentally Fit." Among recent additions to the literature of child and adolescent psychology are "Problem Tendencies in Children," by W. C. Olson (University of Minnesota), a scale for measuring behavior problems; "The First Year of Life," by Charlotte Buehler (Day), and Karl Buehler's "Mental Development of the Child" (Harcourt, Brace), from the Psychological Institute of Vienna; "Adolescence," by F. E. Williams (Farrar & Rinehart), studies in mental hygiene, and "Piloting Modern Youth," a sound and sympathetic manual of advice to parents, by Wm. S. Sadler, recently published by Funk & Wagnalls. Much of the new book by Alfred Adler, "What Life Should Mean to You" (Little, Brown), is of special interest to parents. There is a comprehensive work on "Speech Pathology," by Lee E. Travis of the Speech Clinic of the University of Iowa (Appleton), which will especially interest stutterers, though it also concerns defects in articulation and phonation, and even deals with aphasis.

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Pegasus Perplexing Contest

The results of the Charade Contest are announced on this page.

PUT not your faith in princes. Through them have gone astray the greater part of the one hundred and thirty-eight prize-winning contestants out of an entry of six hundred and nine who submitted answers in the Pegasus Perplexing competition. Mr. Alex Maven alone of those who got all other answers right offered the proper solution to

How paradoxical is the story
Of rank reputed glorious!
My first may be a merry tory
Yet not be meritorious.
Exposed to every kind of knavery,
He leads a life of gilded slavery,

My next exists as termination,
And rarely independently;
Yet with my first's coöperation
It shines with him resplendently.
In state of royal aristocracy
(Often derided by hypocrisy).

By virtue of his having selected "princedom" where others wrote "kingdom" Mr. Maven carries off the specially bound copy of Mr. Briggs's book wherein the key will show that word for word his answers tally with the solutions the author presented for his charades. As for the one hundred and thirty-seven others who tied for the highest scores with one mistake only, they will receive copies of the gaily bound red volume which the Viking Press is publishing, and we wish them joy of the puzzles that lie before them. Let those of them who complain that the *Saturday Review* has robbed them of sleep be warned. Not a weekly two, but some hundred and more ingenious charades, all snugly collected between book covers and warranted to draw the fascinated reader on from one to another, await their midnight cogitations. "Ah, sleep it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole." We fear, we much fear, that if you are an addict to them like ourselves, Dean Briggs's charades will sadly encroach upon your hours of slumber.

But what have we done? We have omitted so far to give you the list of answers to those of Mr. Briggs's conundrums which the *Saturday Review* printed. Truly, "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, this disquisition of ours. Well, here they are, neatly arranged and numbered:

I.	Stubborn	XI.	Bluebeard
II.	Antelope	XII.	Rayon
III.	Rowel	XIII.	Pentagon
IV.	Touchstone	XIV.	Dogma
V.	Newspaper	XV.	Catgut
VI.	Cantata	XVI.	Princedom
VIIa.	Assassin	XVII.	Cantilever
VIIIa.	Assent	XVIII.	Turncoat
VIIb.	Palace	XIX.	Hermitage
VIIIb.	Scabbard	XX.	Corncake
IX.	Buffalo	XXI.	Indiana
X.	Fortune	XXII.	Childhood

And now you can see just where you went wrong, and how nearly you were right, and believe, and quite rightly believe (only you're being done no injustice anyway since all those who had no other mistakes are included among the prize-winners) that your answer of "kingdom" fitted Mr. Brigg's charade just as well as did his own of "princedom," and that the same holds true of the "cornbread" which was several times submitted in the place of the author's "corncake," and whose writers are likewise receiving copies of "Pegasus Perplexing" if their papers contained no other errors. And certainly you can see how completely charades (or the necessity of writing about them) has vitiated our style, and transformed our English into bad English.

At any rate, we're not alone in charging up against these conundrums all sorts of evil. Here, for instance, is the plaint of a hitherto acquiescent *Saturday Review* subscriber—Miss Olive C. Runner of Pleasant Valley, Litchfield County, Connecticut:

Perplexed I've been this endless summer through;
What's more, I am harrassed beyond my due.
In sheer despair I put the case to you:
Am I not quite within my rights to sue
My quandom friend, The Saturday Review?

Here are the facts on which I rest my plea.
Summer has always been a time for me
Of relaxation from the steady round
Whereto my feeble brain in toil is bound.
A teacher's life is not a bed of ease,
No fair enchanted garden, if you please;
Rather, a "field of battle" better fits
The daily struggle with a student's wits.
The end of June, or early in July,
My brain is like a lemon, squeezed quite dry;
Or, to drive home my state at close of school,
I'm like a pond lily without its pool.
For solace when my mind is thus askew
I always seek my Saturday Review;
It is my heart's desire, my journey's end,
My trusted "guide, philosopher, and friend."
Safe on my farm where every prospect pleases,
Lulled by the singing brook and summer breezes,
I roam the world by way of Bowling Green,
Or choose the books that sound fit to be seen.

But now, ah woe is me, what outlook dreary!
My wearied mind grows weekly still more weary,
While Pegasus with goat and ox perplexes,
Or feminist, new and shocking, riles and vexes.
For me no more the hermit thrushes call—
I cannot listen to the birds at all;
The brook "that to the quiet streets all night
Singeth a quiet tune," brings no delight.
In fact, they interrupt my train of thought
Just when elusive words are almost caught,
And back I go around the circle vicious,—
I to whom country sounds were once delicious!
Now at this point I must make clear to you
It is no idle whim that makes me sue.
But what in thunder can a person do,
How can he ever bear to see life through
If he must lose The Saturday Review?

And if you think Miss Runner is the only contestant who has taken to verse to comment upon the Pegasus Perplexing competition, you are entirely mistaken. There's Mr. Harvey Officer, for instance, of New York City, who cleverly answers Mr. Briggs in kind and neatly turns a trick on the *Saturday Review* in the following:

A drummer all too dapper and a flashy little flapper
Affectionately wandered side by side.
Though his thoughts were modern, surely, yet he spoke Victorian purely,
Though he said he was not tempted by the fame the ant *preëmpted,*
*And "elope*ment*" is the thing for us," he cried;*
Yet for modern styles of passion an elopement's out of fashion,
'Twas Victorian Pas and Mas that made it wrong,
Modern folks are economic; list to papa's words ironic,
"Don't imagine I'll exhort you, don't suppose I mean to thwart you,
For your drummer must support you. Run along!"

DEFENSIO AUCTORIS

He who knows his goats and pigs can be
Sure that Master Briggs
Never undertook to nurse a "dead" gazelle;
Not the author of this song was the one who quoted wrong;
L. B. Russell knows his Thomas Moore full well!
(Though of "antelopes" *he doesn't choose to tell.)*

Mr. Officer's answers appeared in delectable form with the charades clipped from the *Saturday Review* pasted on the margin of the pages and parallel with them his answers in rhyme. We can't resist quoting a second example from them, the more especially since it supplies the solution to conundrum Number III, which seems to have puzzled a number of contestants:

From an old charade which thus began,
"'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,"
I suspected first how your second ran,
And was certain your word must end in "el."
Then came a pause, my toil was grave,
I was much perplexed by your "spurts" of speed,"
Till your whole and your first Lord Marmion gave
When he "dashed the rowels *in his steed."*

And right here we'll break into our task of commenting upon Mr. Briggs's charades by interpolating one of her own which came from Mary Bynum Matthews of Germanton, North Carolina, with the remark, "I do not know whether to offer you gratitude or reproach for making my family charade-conscious. 'And their thirst is not quenched!'" Here it is for those contestants whose own desire is still fresh:

On my first a deal depends;
Learning, lunacy, it lends
To the common clay it sends
In a high or humble way;
Wrinkled, gray, and free from passions,
Realms of radiance it fashions,
And if fed on proper rations
Grows new wrinkles every day.

In a mighty, grand commotion
From the deeps of every ocean,
So my second woke the notion
Of dire monsters in the sea;
Speaking thus, in tones of thunder,
"Naught can change my endless wonder,
Check my coming, make me blunder—
Time alone can silence me."

If by chance your wonder beckoned,
Hyphen 'twixt my first and second
And you'd find that you had reckoned
How were guessed your gay charades;
For my whole's too-brief duration
And its sudden sad cessation
Brook no other explanation
Than a helpful friend in Hades!

Rhymed answers and new conundrums were not only the way in which participants displayed their talents in response to the challenge of the Pegasus Perplexing contest. If it were only feasible we should like to reproduce the slim volume entitled "Pegasus Perplexed" in which Mr. Willis W. Atwell of Grand Rapids, Michigan, "propounded with some hesitation and much deliberation" his answers to the charades, ennobling them with a stunning black and white cover whereon is depicted the studious Pegasus, one paw on his forehead and another on his book, and all about him in orderly array a phalanx of question marks. Or the broadside, equally effective, submitted by Stuart G. Phillips, of Chicago, in which the same Pegasus is flanked by oblong boxes containing groups of answers, the boxes being separated from one another by large question marks artistically disposed, the whole placard being bordered by a serrated edge of a brilliant turquoise blue. To the judges belong the spoils! Unless there comes an ardent plea from the artists for the return of their work the editors of the *Saturday Review* intend to appropriate their drawings for the future embellishment of the literary sanctum.

But we approach the end of our space, and unless we would crowd out the list of names of prize winners we must be brief. We'll say our last say in a single sentence to the effect that the charades (other than princedom and corncake) which seem to have given the most trouble to contestants were cantata, Indiana, childhood, rowel, and assent (which again and again appeared as ascent), and that those readers of the *Saturday Review* who answered the conundrums came from East, West, South, and North, from abroad as well as from the United States. And as final conclusion to our chatter we append a charade which Lawrence S. Mayo of West Newton, Massachusetts, suggests might be called "Owed to Pegasus Perplexing," a charade composed and sent to Mr. Mayo by a lifelong friend and admirer of Dean Briggs. Here it is and we doubt not that you will all approve its sentiments:

My First

High in authority am I
In church administration;
In colleges and schools as well
I foster education;
In conference of diplomats
First place is given to me.
What wider fields of usefulness
And honor could there be?

My Second

The letter-carrier's burdens little lightened
By easing him of just one letter's weight;
But I, relieved of that one single letter,
Should be transformed to carriers of freight.
Sailing through wind and wave, to Eastern seas,
We'd bring back copra, indigo, and teas.
But no—Alas! the shipping lists remind us
The days of sailing ships are far behind us.

My Whole

Mentor of youth—wide known, well loved
By all whose happy lot has brought them near him,
Now in his mellowing years, perhaps removed
From weightier thoughts and cares, we still may hear him
In lighter vein; his cryptic verses bright
Puzzle our brains, but bring us new delight.

Thus endeth our discourse and our contest. The latter has called forth many an expression of interest from readers of *The Saturday Review* and not a few requests for further entertainment of similar sort. The Editors hope in the near future to set their friends some other competition that will tax their ingenuity and elicit their enthusiasm.

To the one hundred and thirty-eight prize-winners to whom the Viking Press will shortly be mailing copies of Dean Briggs's "Pegasus Perplexing," and whose names follow below, Good Hunting!—A. L.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE PEGASUS PERPLEXING CONTEST

First Prize

Mr. Alex Maven, New York City

Other Awards

Mrs. Chester B. Allen, Melrose Highlands, Mass.
Mrs. R. F. Arragon, Portland, Oregon
Mr. W. W. Atwell, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mr. H. N. Austin, Laredo, Texas
Miss Grace M. Bacon, South Hadley, Mass.
Mrs. Louis H. Bash, Washington, D. C.
Miss Anna B. Beattie, Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Sidney B. Bennett, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. William M. Beury, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Mabel E. Bridges, Riverton, Iowa
Mr. Ronald D. Brown, Lexington, Mass.
Miss Cora L. Bryson, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. L. A. Bryson, New York City
Miss Josephine M. Burnham, Lawrence, Kansas
Miss Agnes Burt, Portland, Oregon
Miss Elizabeth Carpenter, Petersham, Mass.
Mrs. Anthony P. Cerveny, Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Mary Lane Charles, Richmond, Indiana
Miss Edith Clark, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Miss Dorothy E. Clarke, East Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. Ward R. Clarke, Saco, Maine
Miss Emily S. Coit, Pensacola, Fla.
Mr. Arthur L. Corbin, Jr., New Haven, Conn.
Miss Ruth B. Crane, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa
Miss Marion Crosby, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mr. R. Lawrence Davis, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Wm. R. Davis, Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Mrs. Mary R. Delaeroix, Oxford, North Carolina
Mr. John Dow, New York City
Miss Vera Eastland, Brookfield, Wis.
Miss Margaret W. Emerson, Stoneham, Mass.
Mr. Roger F. Evans, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Preston C. Farrar, Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Mrs. Louis Andrews Fischer, New Orleans, La.
Mrs. Lawrence Hall Fowler, Baltimore, Md.
Mr. John C. French, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Opal Fultz, Graham, Texas
Miss Alice G. Furley, Cleveland, Ohio
Mr. A. Z. Gardiner, New York City
Miss Grace Walton Goddard, Essex, Conn.
Mr. Edom O. Gordon, Oneida, N. Y.
Miss E. M. Graham, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. J. A. Griffin, South Walpole, Mass.
Miss Elinor Halstead, Fultonville, N. Y.
Miss Edith T. Harrington, Detroit, Mich.
Mr. J. A. Hannan, Jr., Rye, N. Y.
Mr. Walter Havighurst, Oxford, Ohio
Dr. R. M. S. Heffner, Cambridge, Mass.
Mr. Robert L. Hershey, Lunenburg, Mass.
Miss Ellen C. Hinsdale, South Hadley, Mass.
Miss Mildred Hinsdale, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Professor Harold L. Hoffman, Oxford, Ohio
Mr. D. E. Hopp, New York City
Mr. M. D. Hooven, Bloomfield, N. J.
Miss Miriam Jasspon, Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Florence Jenney, Troy, N. Y.
Miss Alice Marion Johnson, New York City
Mr. D. C. Jones, Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Lucy B. Jones, Cambridge, Mass.
Miss Elizabeth C. Kieffer, Lancaster, Pa.
Mr. Holger A. Koppel, Baltimore, Md.
Mr. Charles K. Lawrence, Syracuse, N. Y.
Miss Louise T. Leitch, Toronto, Canada
Miss Carolyn M. Lewis, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Dorothy R. Lewis, New York City
Mr. Herbert Liebman, Memphis, Tenn.
Mrs. Paul Eugene Lies, Shaker Heights, Ohio

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Miss Dorothy Woodbridge, Middletown, Conn.
Mr. F. S. Woods, Newton Centre, Mass.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1931.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; William Rose Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Henry Seidel Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1931. Charles E. Brindley, Notary Public, New York City. New York County Clerk's No. 265, New York County Register's No. 3B179. (My commission expires March 30, 1933.

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 173*)

AROUND THE HEARTH FIRE. Edited by WILHELMINA HARPER. Appleton. 1931. $2.50.

Miss Harper, one of our country's best librarians, is always competent to select. Here is a volume of holiday stories, dealing with Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, from the past pages of the *Youth's Companion*. Ben Ames Williams, Mary Austin, Jesse Lynch Williams, etc., will interest young readers.

PLAYS FOR CIVIC DAYS. Selected by A. P. SANFORD. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.50.

These plays, written by educators or sponsored by the American Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., etc., are designed to urge youth toward worthy citizenship. Health and politics are the main themes. They are not so much plays as model exhibits of pointed facts, with fancy in the discard. They are certainly worthy, but will children be driven into acting them?

CHIN CHIN CHINESE MAN. By FRANCES NEWLIN HEAD. Dutton. 1931.

Here once more the purveying of many little unrelated facts and names from a foreign land is made the excuse for very bad poetry for children. Poetry? Jingles without too much jingling! Why not perfectly good prose?

HIGH ADVENTURERS. By MARY R. PARKMAN. Century. 1931. $2.

Here are straightforward, readable accounts of high adventurers of our own country, most of them still luring. Francis Parkman, Michael Pupin, Lindbergh, Byrd, Edward Bok, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and others make a diversified and interesting list. In each biography the voice of the subject is heard in conversation and the tone is informal and not too heavily weighted with detail. While inspirational in purpose, the book is not sentimental or too moral. In no way particularly original, it is interesting and obviously genuine, and should be a welcome addition to the older juvenile library.

PIPPIN'S HOUSE. By CONSTANCE SAVERY. Longmans, Green. 1931.

This story, laid in East Anglia, is about a blind boy, Pippin, (who, of course, sees at the end of the book) and his rather vague adventures with his friend Chris, under the wing of an elderly admiral. The blind boy is a dreamer and a mischief; the rather improbable little story has some charm.

HERALDS OF THE KING. By GERTRUDE CROWNFIELD. Dutton. 1931. $1.50.

Selections from the life of Christ, read to a small child till the words live on in his mind—this is the best way! But if the glorious story must be told down to children, here is a quietly reverent, mildly poetic, simply straightforward version of the events surrounding the birth of Christ, slightly amplified on lines of careful study by the author's fancy. Occasionally there are intrusions of data over living matter. The little page drawings by Frances Delahanty, the mural painter, hold a Gothic suggestion, and the colored frontispiece could just as happily be a church window in stained glass.

Miscellaneous

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE. By *Lorado Taft*. Macmillan. $5.

COMMERCIAL ART. By *Guy F. Cahoon*. Southwest Press.

THE DEATH OF A LOVED ONE. BEYOND EVIL. Limited Editions Guild.

THE CHESTER MIRACLE PLAYS. By *I* and *O. Bolton King*. Macmillan. $2.40.

HOUSE WIRING. By *Thomas W. Poppe* and *Harold P. Strand*. Henley. $1.

A HISTORY OF PLAYING CARDS AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CARDS AND GAMING. By *Catherine Perry Hargrave*. Houghton Mifflin.

A CENTURY WITH NORFOLK NAVAL HOSPITAL. Portsmouth, N. H.: Printcraft Publishing Co.

I LIKE DIVING. By *Tom Eadie* (Riverside edition). Houghton Mifflin. $1.

FROM THE MONOTREMES TO THE MADONNA. By *Fabrius Zackary Snoop*. Chicago: Argus.

THE GOLD DIGGERS. By *A. M. Fleming*. Meadows. $1.50.

THE ENTRANCING LIFE. By *J. M. Barrie*. Scribners. $1.

THE CLASSICS IN TRANSLATION. By *F. Seymour Smith*. Scribners. $3.

MEDIEVAL PHILISOPHERS. Edited by *Richard McKeon*. Scribners. $1.25.

SELECTIONS FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING. Compiled and arranged by *Leslie C. Proctor* and *Gladys Trueblood Stroop*. Scribners. $1.25.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SOCIAL SURVEYS. By *Allan Eaton*. Russell Sage Foundation. $3.50.

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A study of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the three events which were the principal causes of her mysterious downfall. Illustrated, $5.00.

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THE SYBIL of the NORTH
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

First editions of all Mr. Milne's previous books are collector's items

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY *dons the magisterial ermine to become a guest solver for* THE BOOK OF DILEMMAS

Picture a retired brigadier-general of the landed aristocracy—the sort of magnifico whom PETER ARNO would call CADAWALDER or BOTTOMLEY—stepping out on his pent-house terrace and suddenly discovering on the roof below a charming young lady nonchalantly taking a sun-bath.

And when we say "sun-bath" we mean "sun-bath"—not the timid and fluttering sort of exercise which was all the rage in the good old days when a woman's ankle was considered Away Uptown.

Picture that scene, if you dare, and you will behold the four-color wrapper which adorns the latest home-wrecking volume issued by *The Inner Sanctum*. It is called *The Book of Dilemmas*, it sells for $1.50, and on the slightest provocation it is visible at all—well, practically all—book-stores beginning to-day.

The Book of Dilemmas is a parade of thirty moral and immoral predicaments, presented by LEONARD HATCH, a w.k. contributor to *The New Yorker* and *The Conning Tower*. In assembling these ethical bewilderments, infuriating embarrassments and intimate deadlocks, MR. HATCH is aided and abetted by

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
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BRUCE BARTON *and*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

each of whom sets down his own suggested solution for every dilemma presented, for comparison with the other three, as well as that of the reader.

This fireside compendium of human behavior contains problems like these—

Dilemma of the husband-away-from-home upon whom a civilized, chaste, and charming woman practically flings herself.

Dilemma of the host trying to arrange guests who really shouldn't be sleeping together.

Dilemma of the playwright who realizes he has committed larceny.

Dilemma of the doctor who is also a friend.

Dilemma of the stenographer invited to Atlantic City by her boss.

In his introduction, MR. HATCH explains how *The Book of Dilemmas* can be enjoyed by (a) The solitaire method. (b) The herd method [*little children should be herd not obscene*]. (c) The oral method or (d) The free-for-all [otherwise known as the Westport, or Marquis of Queensberry].

The reader of this column who sends in to *The Dilemma Department*, c/o SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, the most amusing and most sagacious 100-word solution to Dilemma Number Four before October 10th (the book may be consulted here at dilemma headquarters or at any bookseller) will receive a free copy of *The Book of Dilemmas* inscribed by the four guest-solvers, the author, and

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The PHŒNIX NEST

TWO books that we intend to read just as soon as we are moved and settled down are the volume of short stories by *William Faulkner*, "These Thirteen," and *H. C. Bailey's* "Mr. Fortune Speaking." The former author has an unholy fascination for us. He is a genius, and he writes some of the most terrible books—terrible in the sense of terrifying—that we have ever read. He can push the intensely sinister to a point that is hardly bearable. He is hardly a pleasant author. Far from it. But he can write. As for H. C. Bailey, his Mr. Fortune, the nonchalant gentleman detective, is an old favorite of ours, and we hope he keeps on writing his books forever. Faulkner is published by Cape & Smith, Bailey by Dutton. . . .

Gleb Botkin is a young Russian now living on Long Island with his family. He has published several novels since he came here. Now, for the Fleming H. Revell Company, he has written the story of "The Real Romanovs." Botkin's father, *Dr. Eugene Botkin*, was personal physician to Nicholas II. Dr. Botkin, with the Czar and his immediate family, perished at Ekaterinburg on that fatal July 17, 1918. Botkin's book includes an account of the discovery of the *Grand Duchess Anastasia* after her escape and long series of tribulations and the part played by him in bringing her to America and fighting for her recognition by the Romanovs. . . .

Roy Campbell, the South African poet's, latest work is "The Georgiad: A Satirical Fantasy in Verse," which is said to be an attack on various current tendencies in literature and life. . . .

Major F. Yeats Brown, author of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," will have a new book ready shortly called "Ten Bloody Years," and dealing with the maze of intrigue in Constantinople from 1910 to 1920. . . .

In England there is to be an omnibus volume of the work of F. Anstey Guthrie, who, writing under the name of "*F. Anstey*," produced in the dear dead days certain fantastic tales that delighted our youth, such as "The Tinted Venus," "Vice Versa," "The Brass Bottle," and others. Anstey is or should be immortal, unexcelled in his own vein. We hope he will also be omnibussed in America.

Duffield & Green will publish this month (October) an informal biography of the German President, *Paul von Hindenburg*, written by his niece, *Helen Nostitz von Hindenburg*. The Baroness should have arrived here yesterday (October 2) on Hindenburg's eighty-fourth birthday. . . .

Joseph Brewer, of Brewer, Warren & Putnam, recently received a letter from *Dorothy L. Sayers* that conveyed the following information:

> I have been very much occupied with the formation of the Detective Club, of which you may presently hear something. The secretary and actual founder is *Anthony Berkeley*, who writes the "Roger Sheringham" books, and the members are between twenty-five and thirty of the leading detective-story writers in this country. We meet every other month to dine and amuse ourselves and are also engaged in one or two communal publications; for instance, a novel, written in collaboration chapter by chapter, each by a different writer, and each with his own solution in mind. We hope that this will be published this year—and all the suggested solutions will be published as appendix! The president is G. K. Chesterton, and among the members are Freeman Wills Crofts, Austin Freeman, Clemence Dane, A. A. Milne, Lew Gorell, E. C. Bentley, H. C. Bailey, Victor Whitechurch, G. D. H. and M. Cole.

We have learned that one Sicilian donkey still remains to Louis Untermeyer, mourning for its mate. Donkey Hoté is still alive and thriving on June-grass and millet, and children come from miles around to feed him marshmallows. But alas for the lovely Danke Schön—she has departed this life! . . .

The forthcoming *American Mercury* has a most interesting article by *Albert Parry*, called "Soul Flights of the Village." So far as our own observation goes it is a true article. There's not much left of the old Greenwich Village, and even we, ancient as we are, didn't come in at the time of its artistic birth. But it seems funny now to know that there's a John Reed Club instead of an impetuous and mirthful fellow named *Jack Reed* living down in one of the studios on Washington Square, South. And it's funny that *Sinclair Lewis* isn't inhabiting a small room on Vannest Place. That was before they slashed Seventh Avenue right through the middle of Charles Street. We walked through the Village the other day. We still like it. Most of the street corners conjure up memories. We're still living down in that general vicinity. But even the days of *Harry Kemp's* Bohemia are pretty well over. The Village is a good place to live and work in but its glamour is mostly in retrospect. A new group of genii may be breeding in it, however. We wonder? . . .

In "Squads Write!" (an excellent title, by the way!) *John T. Winterich* has edited for Harper & Brothers, with not too serious comment, a selection of the best things in prose, verse, and cartoons, that *The Stars and Stripes*, that famous newspaper of the A. E. F., published in France. There you will find the pregnant war sketches of *C. LeRoy Baldridge*, many amusing drawings by then *Private Wallgren*, and a lot of assorted verse that relieved the menacing gloom of St. Mihiel and the Argonne. . . .

Today when one gazes upon the editor of the flourishing *New Yorker*, *Harold W. Ross*, one forgets the Orphan Campaign he once ran in *The Stars and Stripes* as a buck private Managing Editor! . . .

For the John Day Company, *W. Dodgson Bowman* has written "Charlie Chaplin: His Life and Art." The book has an introduction by *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.* and is illustrated with full page photographs. This is the first all-around picture of that great picture-making *Chaplin* whose name is a household word throughout the world. . . .

The end of this month Alfred A. Knopf will publish *William Gerhardi's* "Memoirs of a Polyglot," which should be gay and indiscreet. Gerhardi is one of the most brilliant of the younger English novelists. Knopf is also bringing out the late *D. H. Lawrence's* posthumous "Apocalypse," which is really an essay on the Book of Revelations, a subject which both repelled and fascinated Lawrence. . . . And so—

THE PHŒNICIAN.

THE ENGLISH: ARE THEY HUMAN?
G. J. RENIER

● A stimulating, profound and at times wittily malicious book about England and the English. Dr. Renier is a Hollander whose writing is always original and at times startling. Americans, whether they know England intimately or not, will read the author's "devilishly incisive criticism" with considerable satisfaction though they may not agree with his final conclusion. *Just published*, $2.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH

The AMEN CORNER

". . . pastured on the broad slopes and ruminant meadows
of Boar's Hill where poets have predominance of dwelling."

The Oxonian was perusing the advertisement of the Oxford University Press in the Fall Book Number of the *New York Times Book Review* and had got to "*Sketches in the Life of John Clare*, with an Introduction by Edmund Blunden"[1] when something in the adjoining column caught his eye. In a review of one of the "Latest Works of Fiction," a novel whose hero is a successful young poet, he read:

"But all is not roseate. Cyril reads Bridges's 'The Testament of Beauty' at a week-end party in the home of his literary patron, and the scales fall from his eyes. He realizes that, after all, he is no true poet. Uncle Arthur, at this moment, happens along, a reconciliation occurs and Cyril decides to return to the study of medicine." (Which reminds us that one of the most inspiring of recent biographies is Mrs. Reid's *The Great Physician*,[2] a new short life of that great teacher of medicine, Sir William Osler. It supplements indispensably Dr. Harvey Cushing's longer two-volume *Life of Osler*[3]),

But we started to talk about Bridges. The case of Cyril is but one of many proofs that *The Testament of Beauty*[4] did indeed become a classic as soon as it was published. Another is the inclusion of a delicious parody (from which we take the two lines of our text) with parodies of Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and others of that ilk, in *Parody and Dust-Shot*[5] of which we have seen an advance copy. It is by G. F. Bradby, author of *About English Poetry*[6] and *Christianity and Common Sense*.[7]

A still more substantial evidence that the poem which has been described as "the greatest long poem since '*The Prelude*'" has definitely established its position is the appearance of a book written to explain it. Mr. Nowell Smith's "Notes on *The Testament of Beauty*"[8] provides elucidation of the numerous philosophical, historical, and scientific allusions, summaries of the exposition, and a clear statement of the movement of the poem.

Bridges was always ready to appreciate contemporaries; to his care we owe the publication of the *Poems* of Gerard Manley Hopkins.[9] His encouragement of younger poets has lately borne fruit in the *Poems* of Lloyd Haberly,[10] dedicated "To the Memory of Robert Bridges." Haberly, born in Oregon and educated at Harvard and Oxford, lives in England, at Long Crendon, where he writes, prints, and binds his own books. The Oxford Press has now brought out the *Poems* in an edition for the general public. Haberly as a poet is a kind of twentieth-century Herrick, and the poems are of remarkable beauty.

A few weeks before his death, Robert Bridges sanctioned the publication of a new edition of his *Shorter Poems* and left general directions as to which poems from his later books should be added to the original selection. The result is a book that will rank as a standard work with the greatest volumes of the English poets. Physically, it is "a volume of delicate perfection . . . a perfect pocket edition (*Book Review*) "printed . . . as most poetry that is meant to be read should be printed." (*Wilson Bulletin*).

"Folk alien to the Muse have hemm'd us round"

(to borrow a line from Bridges himself), but it is seldom that a glance into this volume fails to induce a poetical frame of mind.

The publication of the *Collected Essays and Papers* proceeds, and we have seen the proofs of V and VI, on *The Poems of Mary Coleridge*, and *Lord De Tabley's Poems*. A document both amusing and valuable for the Bridges student is the latest Tract of the Society for Pure English (No. 35),[11] in which Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith gives his recollections of Bridges and the founding of the Society, and the poet's daughter Mrs. Daryush brings together examples of her father's work on the English language. She, of course, is a poet in her own right.[12]

"Here break I off"—

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book of the Month: THE SHORTER POEMS OF ROBERT BRIDGES. $2.50.
(1) Correct price, $2.50. (2) $3.50. (3) $12.00. (4) $3.50. (5) $1.25. (6) $1.00. (7) $1.00. (8) $2.00. (9) $3.00. (10) $3.00. (11) $1.00. (12) Verses, by Elizabeth Daryush, $2.00.

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The Original Fool's Paradise

I AM sure that the modern Procrustean bed is a book shelf, which is always too full or not full enough. It gives sufficient bother to us who are collectors in a small way, and who disguise our exasperation by storing surplus books in the garret. But the *reductio ad absurdum* is that caravansary known as the Great Library, where room after room of book shelves leer at the librarian and seem to say, We have you on the hip, no matter how many books you have, for if you have too few to fill us up, you will move heaven and earth till you have got too many for us to hold.

Yale University, just delivered from torment, with books stored in all the cellars of dormitories and old chemistry buildings, is for the nonce quiet—but even with assumed provision for a generation to come, uneasy must lie the head which made the assumption. For the printing press, always crazily striving to outdo itself, threatens on the one hand to make all calculation ridiculous by an ever increasing production, while on the other the possible use of the narrow motion-picture film may mean that a whole shelf full of books will in future be stowable in a vest pocket.

For the moment, I say, Yale is pacified—though, since the appetite grows by what it feeds on, space in particular rooms and departments of the great Sterling Library is even now at a premium on occasion—but Harvard takes up the eternal refrain of "more room." There is this difference, that at Yale some provision has provided for future expansion, while the glorified factory building at Harvard does not seem easily to suggest expansion. Here is what that library's situation is, as reported in the July issue of *Library Notes:*

> The Library has outgrown one difficulty with which it has had to contend ever since the Widener building was occupied in 1915. In this building, the contents of Gore Hall rattled around for a decade, and its administrators, who had acquired their official habits in the old building which was overcrowded before 1890, had difficulty in readjusting themselves to the new garments, which were as much too large as the old had been too small. This difficulty has now corrected itself. The College Library is still directly in charge of those who were accustomed to conditions in old Gore Hall, and it is with an unpleasant feeling of familiarity that they meet Mr. Shea's reports from the Shelf Department that there is no room for incoming books in one and another subject section. The situation is not yet critical, for there are possible makeshifts in sight which will postpone urgency measures, at least until the House Plan has settled itself in the Harvard household. But it will have to be faced one of these days.

There will not be any final solution to this problem of the library, great or small, so long as our civilization endures, but there is a slight alleviation which could be put into effect more completely than has so far been done—the reduction in the *bulk* of books. The publishers have quietly and without announcement done something of the sort, but a more radical shrinkage is possible if the determination of the bulk of a book is taken from the book-store clerk and restored to the man who makes the book. I think that there is little question that all reference books should be made as slim as possible: probably a thirty per cent. reduction could be made in the bulk of most handbooks to advantage, and a fifty per cent. thinner novel paper would be advantageous. Of course the greatest offenders are the so-called *de luxe* volumes of large size and extravagantly thick paper—but they are in the minority. In this country we do not have to endure the grossly fat esparto paper volumes which the English publisher so often issues.

But even so, the plight of the librarian is still a sad one, as he seeks today to get for his library Mr. Smith's collection of a quarter of a million dime novels, and tomorrow sets forth to induce Mr. Jones to give an equal number of dollars to increase the library building! It really is an absurd situation, with no relief in sight. R.

Bonner Collection

THE Paul Hyde Bonner Library will be placed on sale at Dutton's next week. It contains many volumes which have not been up for sale more than once in this century.

William Blake's "Genesis—The Seven Days of the Created World" is in autograph manuscript, which was never published. Very few of his poems are known in the original holograph. Another important Blake item is his "Visions of the Daughters of Albion," ten plates of high finish and forceful coloring, with all leaves uncut. Only twelve other copies of this are known. The frontispiece, a colored reproduction of which is contained in the catalogue of the Library, was listed as missing from this copy in 1856 and again in 1882. It came to light, however, from an anonymous source when it was sold at Hodgson's in 1904, being bought by B. B. MacGeorge, of Glasgow. The present copy is the Earl of Beaconsfield's, listed as copy A in Keynes.

Some original pencil sketches, which were the property of William M. Rossetti, are included in the numerous Blake items. One line engraving, revealing the strange nature of this poet-artist, is his Laocoon. There are but two of this engraving known. Much of its interest lies in the fact that the entire space surrounding the figures is filled with Blake's philosophy of life and his theories of art and imagination.

An autograph presentation copy of Lamb's "Eliä," as far as known the only perfect presentation copy in the original boards to come up for sale since 1902, is a feature of the collection. It was of this book that Lamb himself wrote "The volume is not to be had for love or money. I with difficulty procured a copy for myself."

A first edition of Keat's Poems, 1817, in the original boards, uncut, is in the Bonner collection. Of the same year is Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," which, in the original boards, is very rare.

Bret Harte is represented in virtual completion. Many Shaw items are included, as well as Galsworthy's first book, "From The Four Winds," written under the pseudonym, John Sinjohn. "Jocelyn" and "The Villa Rubein" fill out the Sinjohn writings.

Other items rarely on sale are Boswell's "Life of Johnson," first edition, first issue, with an inlaid page of the manuscript; the typescript draft of Act I of Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," under the original title "Lady Lancing"; and the manuscript of the "Ballad of Reading Gaol"; a long list of De Quincey's manuscripts; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with its Key, in the original paper covers; first American edition, first issue, of "Huckleberry Finn"; a first edition of "Moby Dick" in exceptionally fine condition; Tennyson's "The Cup and The Falcon," an autograph presentation copy to Robert Browning.

The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington represents almost half of the estate of the late Henry C. Folger, formerly president and chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of New York, according to an intermediate account filed in the Surrogate's Court.

The Folger Shakespeare collection is the largest and finest in the world. Mr. Folger added to it for forty years after his graduation from Amherst College, and its value is now estimated at $4,265,000, the amount he paid for the 75,000 items. The land on which the library is being built in Washington cost $317,000 and the building itself about $1,750,000, so that the total investment is about $6,332,000.

At the time of his death Mr. Folger owed $800,000 to banks and $1,472,660 to Mrs. Folger, who had advanced him funds to buy Shakespeare items without the necessity of selling securities at disadvantageous times. The Shakespeare collection and building were given to Amherst.

Lakeside Press Galleries

DURING October there will be on view at the Lakeside Press Galleries, 350 West 22nd Street, Chicago, an extensive collection of illustrated books from the fifteenth century to the present time. The books come from several private and one public collection. A catalogue has been printed in Baskerville type by the Lakeside Press. All interested are invited to see the exhibition. R.

"Here, There, and Everywhere"

AN excellent example of the possibilities of the new linotype Baskerville type face, which is a very close copy of Baskerville actual type, is a book of random reminiscences of travel by Mr. Edgar S. Bliss. The printing has been done by the printing office of William Edwin Rudge. R.

Mrs. Nichols on Poe

FROM the *Six Penny Magazine* for February, 1863, the Union Square Book Shop has reprinted "Reminiscences of Edgar Allan Poe," by Mrs. Mary Grove Nichols who visited the poet and his family. There is a bibliographical preface by Thomas O. Mabbott. Four hundred and fifty copies are for sale at $2. As a Poe item the book will appeal to collectors—but the printing is so wretched as to be almost grotesque. R.

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AUCTIONS

AUCTION OCTOBER 6th—The Library of Dr. Gottfried Koehler of Chicago (with additions) comprising Rare Americana, American First Edition rarities and American autograph material. Ben Hur, Moby Dick, Poe's Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, Scarlet Letter, Walden, etc. Isaac Arnold's copy of his Life of Lincoln with annotations, early American Travels, McFee's Indian Wars, Western Americana. Oct. 6, 8 P. M. Chicago Book & Art Auctions, Inc., 922 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago.

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A sign on the road for all to see—Yankees and Southerners, redemptioners and farmers, mountebanks and preachers, Pennsylvania Dutchmen and New York dandies—all bound West to the lands of the Ohio. From Boston, Albany, Providence, Charleston, Philadelphia; from the security of farms and towns and villages the people of the seventeen states ventured forth to join "the powerful undertaking." In 1810 John Bray read the sign and therein read the fate which changed him from a man of religion into a man of action, land hungry and hungry for love of a runaway girl.

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On Wednesday last there did Depart from my Shelter & Care, my StepDaughter, without my Knowledge and againſt my Permitting.
Her name, Clariſſa Danforth & her age 20 or Thereabouts. Having Purloined a fine Bay Colt, fifteen hands high, clean made and Shapely, with a white ſtar on forehead, from my Farm, & a ſum of money in Gold. Tall for a Female, dreſſed when laſt ſeen in a long Scarlet cloak with a double Cape to it & a Print cotton Gown. Hair bay, ſame as Colt.
Whoever returns my Colt undamaged & aforementioned Female, ſhall have as his reward, Dollars 50 in GOLD.
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